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Enterior of the Crystal Palace.

MEMORIES

OF THE

GREAT METROPOLIS.

NEW-YORK :
G. P. PUTNAM, BROADWAY.
MDCCCLII.

MEMORIES

OF THE

GREAT METROPOLIS:

OR,

London, from the Tower to the Crystal Palace.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

"I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city."

NEW-YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY.
MDCCCLII.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ESQ.,

This Volume

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THE AUTHOR.

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TO THE READER.

The intention of this volume is to furnish a compact Manual for persons visiting the British Metropolis, or who contemplate making the transatlantic tour. It is the first book of the kind published in this country, and it differs from ordinary Guide-books, in its indicating in a brief, suggestive way, the numerous shrines of genius, historical localities, and various memorabilia of London. More than any other city of Europe, the British capital abounds with "nooks and corners" and the memorials of the great and good of past times; and it is this precise kind of information—which the lover of literature and the intelligent tourist most desires, but which is usually inaccessible—that the present Manual is intended to supply. In a word, it will exhibit London, *past and present*, at one view.

In the preparation of this little volume, the compiler has collated the best authorities for the verification of facts and dates; and he hereby gratefully acknowledges his obligations to the valuable works of Cunningham, Knight, Jesse, Leigh Hunt, Mackay, etc.,—whose important antiquarian researches have so materially tended to render this "City of the World" conspicuous in the annals of Time, above any of the capitals of the classic ages.

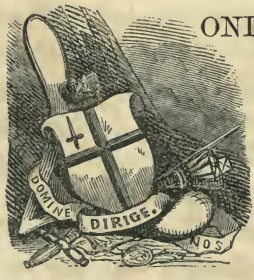
MEMORIES

OF THE

GREAT METROPOLIS.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Historic and Literary Associations—Roman London—Ancient City Boundaries and Forts—Present Extent—Social Condition—Local Casualties in early times—Modern Architectural Improvements—Physical Aspect of the City, etc.



LONDON, from the limits of the Tower to the Crystal Palace, is of itself, like that superb structure, as great a wonder as any of the marvels it contains, on account of its prodigious proportions.

The advent of the World's Jubilee of Industry, which has attracted all eyes to the British Capital, affords a good apology for presenting the following memoranda of its numerous objects of interest.

There is no spot on the globe more rife with historic incident and association, or more richly studded with the memorials of the past, and the progressive advancement of civilization and splendor than is this great metropolis. To those at least who may not be familiar with the topography of the mighty city—its densely crowded streets, lanes and alleys, its antique "nooks and corners," and its splendid palaces, it is believed the following pages will not prove devoid of interest.

Respect, and even veneration for the vestiges of antiquity may be regarded as one of the characteristics of the English mind. It is to this conservative feeling we doubtless are indebted for the preservation of the numerous relics of the past, which illustrate the history of this mighty modern Babylon. The spirit of modern innovation, while it enriches by an improved taste, also demands the sacrifice of much that possesses an imperishable interest in the past. Considering its vast extent, and its still increasing growth, London, however, has suffered less spoliation in this respect, than any other city. It is on this account that it is regarded as an immense museum of the curious and the antique, as well as the emporium of modern art. The history of England being antecedent to, and part of our own, necessarily links that land

to ours by the closest ties: all, therefore, that pertains to the former, must ever enlist the sympathies of the latter. There is indeed connected with these mementoes of the past, a strange fascination to the lover of his country, and its great men, and more especially is it so in all that concerns its authors. The several dwelling places of those who have enriched our literature, or illustrated the great moral maxims of life, become endeared to our hearts;—these are the shrines consecrated by the *genus loci*,—they seem almost part and parcel of the departed. Home is the sanctuary of the affections, and it is the like influence of association that causes us to cherish the fond memorials of the benefactors of our race. What lover of Shakspeare, but would delight to linger within the precincts of the well-remembered 'Globe' at Southwark, or the final resting place of the mighty bard of Avon? Who, in reading Chaucer's tales of the Canterbury Pilgrims, would not willingly perform a pilgrimage himself, that he might gaze upon the old *Tabard*. Or as we pore over the pleasant pages of Goldsmith, or become rapt in the lofty sublimities of Milton's spiritual imageries,—do we not instinctively long to catch a glimpse of the dingy abode of the former, in Green Arbor Court, or the several localities which the

genius of our modern Homer has rendered classic. With what a genial temper does Mrs. Hall apostrophize on this subject:

"O rare old London! It would be difficult for us to describe the affection we entertain for this noble city—venerable for its antiquity, and revered for its associations with our great men—although it combines so much that occasions us distress of mind with so much that is dear and honored to our every feeling of existence. We should never have loved it so well if we had not become acquainted with the histories of some of its public buildings, its houses, its holy temples, one by one, almost stone by stone; and yet how little we know of what we might know, and of what we hope yet to learn. We marvel more and more how we could ever have passed a peculiar-looking house without inquiring, 'Who lived there?' Certainly, we move through life very listlessly; we go along its highways and into its by-lanes without being stirred by the immortality around us; we close our eyes against the evidences of change which are the accompaniments of life; and we plod on, of the earth—earthy, with little more than a fluttering effort to raise our minds by the contemplation of the acts of those glorious spirits who elevated England to the rank she holds among nations."

The Vatican boasts of its treasured relics of centuries; and England possesses the collective resources of genius and learning. London has been styled the birth-place of genius—here the poet has sung his sweetest strains—the historian and philosopher solved the deep problems of truth—it was here a Milton produced the sublimest of all uninspired compositions—a Shakspeare portrayed, with such masterly power, the workings of the human heart; here, too, ideal art has depicted in glowing colors and with startling effect, the images of the soul; and not least, though last, the mighty minds of old, who have contended for the truth of a pure Christianity.

Leigh Hunt pleasantly says: "I can no more pass through Westminster without thinking of Milton; or the Borough, without thinking of Chaucer and Shakspeare; or Gray's Inn, without calling Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury-square, without Steele and Akenside; than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture in the splendor of the recollection. I once had duties to perform which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighborhood in which Dryden lived, and though nothing could be more common-place, and I used

to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of the way, purely that I might pass through Gerard-street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought."

> "The love
> Of mighty minds doth hallow, in the core
> Of human hearts, the ruin of a wall
> Where dwelt the wise and wondrous."

A few preliminary remarks touching the statistics of the city, and we commence our *ad libitum* perambulations in quest of these choice memorials of the gifted and the great: and in soliciting the reader to accompany us, we may be allowed to premise that in our pleasant pursuit, we may have to pass through many sinuous streets and dark ignoble alleys, now almost impervious to the light of heaven.

Next to old Rome, London boasts a greater antiquity than any of the existing Capitals of the world. It is commonly supposed that the Roman occupation of Britain formed but a brief episode in the history of the latter; yet it is asserted by no less an authority than Camden, that it was a Roman tributary during four hundred and seventy-six years. Other historians insist that it existed nearly six centuries. Leaving such inquiries, however, to be determined by more competent pens, we shall content ourself with merely picking up

by the way-side, whatever we may, of the shreds and patches of her history, as they still exist in shattered stones, mouldering monuments, or dilapidated dwelling-places. The most ancient relic of its Roman history is doubtless *London Stone*, concerning which we shall speak hereafter more particularly. Some vestiges of the Roman wall have been at different times discovered within various sections of the ancient city limits. The four principal gates were the following:—Aldgate, on the east; Bridgegate, on the south; Newgate, on the west; Aldersgate, on the north. There were others also, from which the names have descended,—Ludgate, Botolph-gate, Cripplegate, Temple-bar, Tower postern, Dowgate, and Billingsgate, or Belins-gate from its founder of that name, who flourished, according to redoubtable authorities, about the fourth century prior to the Christian era. In early Roman records, the Thames is referred to as a very narrow tributary stream. The original site of the city was bounded on the south by the Thames, and on the north by the marshes, as is clearly indicated by the name still retained, Finsbury, from *fens*, marshy ground. The distance from the Tower to Blackfriars is about a mile, so that Roman London was not of great extent. Fleet-street, so named from the

stream that formerly ran through it, was crossed by a bridge at the junction of Ludgate, which latter was a royal residence in the time of King John. On its site Bridewell was afterwards erected, and it was there Henry VIII. entertained Charles V., in 1522. From being a royal residence it at length fell into disrepute, and was used as a prison for debtors and petty offenders. London, as to its name, according to the best authorities, is derived from *Llyn—Din*, "the town on the lake." Cæsar, who effected a landing on the island after a severe struggle in the year 53 B.C., is the first writer from whom any *authentic* accounts of the ancient Britons have descended to us. Druidism obtained in all its horrors in ancient Britain, if it did not indeed originate there. 'Stone-henge,' near Salisbury, is a proof of this. At the eastern extremity of the city, on the banks of the Thames, stands the ancient Tower of London, built by Julius Cæsar—the sanguinary memorial of the terrible despotisms and cruelties of the barbaric age. On the west, the venerable Abbey of Westminster rears itself in lofty and imposing grandeur, within whose mouldering arches repose the ashes of the mighty dead: while central to the city proper, rises the majestic cathedral of St. Paul,—with one solitary exception the most sym-

metrical and splendid temple in Christendom, whose colossal dome, peering through the dusky atmosphere, seems to keep saintly vigils over the vast metropolis. In juxtaposition with Westminster Abbey, may be seen that sumptuous gothic pile, the new Houses of Parliament, in which the collective wisdom of a nation is convened, to arbitrate the destinies and enact the laws that govern the realm. This close proximity of Westminster Abbey with the two Houses of Parliament seems to present a curious type of the union of Church and State.

It is singular to reflect, that a little more than two centuries ago, it was deemed necessary by Queen Elizabeth, to issue a proclamation against the erection of any new buildings—the extent of the city, as it then existed, being considered by her ladyship as positively alarming. Queen Victoria, however, seems to entertain a very different opinion, for she not only permits the removal of dark and narrow alleys, which excluded the light of heaven, to make way for the erection of broad streets adorned with splendid edifices in their stead, but she has even added to the mammoth city during the last ten years, no less than two hundred miles of new streets! It is estimated by Cunningham that if the streets of the Metropolis were put to-

gether they would extend to 3000 miles in length. The main thoroughfares are traversed by 3000 omnibuses, and 3500 cabs (besides private carriages and carts,) employing 40,000 horses.

In addition to these noisy and thronged thoroughfares, we have what has been called "the silent highway" of the Thames, running through the heart of the Metropolis, and traversed continually by hundreds of steamboats, which take up and set down passengers at the different places between Chelsea and Gravesend.

So much for the internal communications of the Metropolis. Its connection with the provinces is kept up by the various railways which diverge from it in every direction. By means of these different lines, along which the telegraph is laid down, the Metropolis is put in instant connection with upwards of a hundred of the chief cities and towns of the United Kingdom. The telegraph is also laid down beneath the streets between the City and the West End, a branch office being situated at the Strand, (sending a wire to the Government offices at Whitehall). From the London Bridge wharf and from the Tower-stairs, start the various Continental steamers.

"By the latest returns," (we cite the testimony of a recent London journalist,) "the metropolis cover-

ed an extent of nearly forty-five thousand acres, and contained upward of three hundred thousand houses, occupied by about two million five hundred thousand souls; constituting not only the densest, but the busiest hive, the most wondrous workshop, and the richest bank in the world. The mere name of London awakens a thousand trains of varied reflection. It is the focus of modern civilization—the great capital of the world. To the west, it is a city of palaces, adorned with parks, and ennobled with triumphal arches, grand statues, and stately monuments; to the east, it presents a labyrinth of narrow lanes, dingy counting-houses, and huge masses of warehouses, with doors and cranes ranged one above another, in towering succession. It is a vast bricken multitute—a strange incongruous chaos of wealth and want, ambition and despair—of the brightest charity and the darkest crime—where there are more houses and more houseless, more feasting and famishing, than upon any other spot on earth." Pampered luxury riots in prodigal excesses, and squalid poverty pines in pitiless penury and wretchedness. The opulent state of a coroneted aristocracy, and the wreck of the despised and depraved children of poverty and crime, are there to be seen in glaring and painful contrast. In a word, London presents an epitome not only

of the nation, but of the world. Within its precincts are to be found all classes and circles of life —the intellectual, moral, and social, as well as the untutored and debased—each revolving in its several sphere. It is the grand theatre of life, in which all imaginable characters severally enact their parts. The merchant, eager in his pursuit of gain, the hireling, bending under the pressure of his toil, the devotees of science and literature, busily intent upon exploring the mysteries of nature and art; while the proud patrician, and the votaries of pleasure, with butterfly wing, flutter and dazzle amid their splendor and luxury.

Speaking of the entertainment the streets of the British Metropolis afforded him, Boswell remarks: "I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is, to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it only as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatic enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure, as an assemblage of taverns, &c.; but the intellectual man is struck with it as com-

prehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible."

> London—opulent, enlarged, and still
> Increasing London! Babylon of old,
> Not more the glory of the world than she,
> A more accomplished world's chief glory now.

Before, however, we commence our perigrinations, we are tempted to give a recent sketch from one of the London papers, of the city as it presents itself by night. "Those who have only seen London in the day-time, with its flood of life, rushing through its arteries to its restless heart, know it not in its grandest aspect. It is not in the noise and roar of the cataract of commerce pouring through its streets, nor in its forest of ships, nor in its vast docks and warehouses, that its true solemnity is to be seen. To behold it in its greatest sublimity, it must be contemplated by night, afar off from an eminence. The noblest prospect in the world, it has been well said, is London viewed from the suburbs on a clear winter's evening.

"The stars are shining in the heavens; but there is another firmament spread below, with its millions of bright lights glittering at our feet. Line after line sparkles, like the trails left by meteors, cutting and crossing one another, till they are lost in the haze of the distance. Over the whole there

hangs a lurid cloud, bright as if the monster city were in flames, and looking afar off like the sea by night, made phosphorescent by the million creatures dwelling within it. At night it is that the strange anomalies of London are best seen. Then, as the hum of life ceases, and shops darken, and the gaudy gin-palaces thrust forth their ragged, squalid crowds to pace the streets, London puts on its most solemn look of all. On the benches of the parks, in the niches of the bridges, and in the litter of the markets, are huddled together the homeless and the destitute. The only living things that haunt the streets, are the poor unfortunate beings, who stand shivering in their finery, waiting to catch the drunkard as he goes shouting homewards. Here on a door-step crouches some shoeless child, whose day's begging has not brought it enough to purchase even the two-penny bed that its young companions in beggary have gone to. There, where the stones are taken up and piled high in the road, and the gas streams from a tall pipe in the centre of the street in a flag of flame—there, round the red glowing coke fire, are grouped a ragged crowd, smoking or dozing through the night, beside it. Then, as the streets grow blue with the coming light, and the church spires and chimney tops stand out against the sky with a sharpness of out-

line that is seen only in London before its million fires cover the town with their pall of smoke—then come sauntering forth the unwashed poor, some with greasy wallets on their backs, to hunt over each dirt heap, and eke out life by seeking refuse bones, or stray rags and pieces of old iron: others on their way to their work, gathered at the corner of the street round the breakfast-stall, and blowing saucers of steaming coffee drawn from tall tin cans, with the fire shining crimson through the holes beneath; whilst already the little slattern girl, with her basket slung before her, screams water-cresses through the sleeping streets. Yet who, to see the squalor and wretchedness of London by night, would believe that twenty-nine of the London bankers, have cleared as much as *nine hundred and fifty-four million pounds sterling*, *in one year*, the average being more than three millions of money daily—or that the loans of merely one house in the city throughout the year exceed thirty millions!"

Where London now stands, some sixteen or eighteen centuries back, stood an immense forest, extending from the Thames on one side, to Epping, and Hainault on the other.

As far back as one thousand years—at which period the several Saxons kingdoms were amalga-

mated under Egbert, the first king of all England—London rose into importance as its capital. It was enclosed by walls, defended by strong bastions, and prepared for defence against Northern and other marauders. About this period the Thames extended over the low lands as far as Battle Bridge, passing between Holborn-Hill and Snow-Hill. Another part of it ran through, where now stands Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Walbrook and Dowgate, over which were wooden bridges.

From the earliest times, London has suffered greatly both by fire and pestilence. In 760–765, and 793, it was nearly destroyed by fire. In 1563, twenty thousand persons were carried off by the plague; in 1610, forty thousand, and in 1665, no less than eighty thousand persons fell victims to this visitation. Immediately after, occurred (in 1666) the Great Fire of London, destroying nearly three-fourths of the city, and property to the amount of ten millions sterling.

London has also at times suffered from insurrections and commotions within its walls; in the reign of Richard II., by Wat. Tyler; in the reign of Henry VI., by Jack Cade, and in that of Charles I. between him and the Parliament, etc. It was also, in 1703, visited by a storm, which blew down two thousand chimneys, stripped the

lead off several churches, killed thirty or forty persons, sank four hundred vessels in the Thames, and caused a loss £2,000,000.

Three hundred years ago, London was neither paved nor lighted, excepting a few lanterns suspended, as in some parts of Paris, across the road. East Smithfield was open to Tower Hill, Moorfields was open to the small village of Huxton, and Finsbury fields were covered with wind-mills. St. Giles's was in the fields, and the Strand had gardens on each side. Convent-Garden was really the garden of a Convent. Westminster was a very small town; Southwark only a few streets, (dull, dirty, and cheerless,) and Lambeth a little village near the Thames. Still in those days, England could muster a large army, and had afforded considerable assistance to the different sovereigns of Europe.—And this was London of the olden time.

The improvements of London began in the reign of George II.—Squares were made, streets formed, churches erected, Westminster Bridge built, the houses on London bridge pulled down, and most of the city gates removed.

Assuming the area of London to be nineteen square miles, it yields a population to each mile of very nearly 130,000 human creatures, performing within that narrow limit, all the operations of

life and death, mixed up in a fearful *melée* of passion and interest, luxury and starvation, hard work and indolence; besides an infinity of occupations, useful, ornamental and mischievous. In the more densely populated regions, the average is doubled. A quarter of a million of souls subsisting within the limits of a square mile, is a spectacle that cannot be rendered intelligible by written description. The magnitude of its wretchedness baffles us. Individual cases of extreme suffering move our sympathies, but as their number is increased, the distinctness of misery diminishes in its influence.

People of rank and fashion in former times occupied the side of the river Thames, the Strand, Drury Lane, and the neighborhood of Convent Garden, which were then unenclosed fields; and in that neighborhood was built, by Inigo Jones, a church in the pure *Tuscan* style, at that period the only one in England. Merchants resided between Temple-bar and the Exchange. Desperadoes, broken-down spendthrifts, and criminals of all grades, resided in the Whitefriars; in Lewkner's Lane lived many profligate characters. Books were then, as now, sold in Paternoster Row, and in Little Britain,—not far from it; divinity and classic books, on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard; law, history, and plays, about Tem-

ple-bar; French books in the Strand. The celebrated *jester* to Queen Elizabeth, Dick Tarleton, kept a tavern in the Row, which was much frequented by the wits of the day.

Since these days, London has passed through many mutations; it has more than quadrupled its size, and has not yet 'stopped growing.' The centralizing tendency of the fashionable world is still westward—Belgrave Square and the vicinity of Hyde Park. Of the City proper we need not speak, it remains *in statu quo;* as also does the veritable Cockney, who, ignored by his patrician neighbor, is wholly innocent of any participation in the busy movements beyond his own plebeian circle, while his dormant ideas and plodding feet, possibly never pass beyond the limits of Temple-bar.

The vast labyrinth of London streets is enough to baffle the best topographer. Thousands who live at the one extremity, know nothing of those residing at the other—as if they were antipodes. No man does, or can know London in all its details. What does the fashionable fop, at the West End, know of the plebeian of the city, or the degraded dwellers in the vicinity of Wapping, Seven Dials, or Rotherhithe—or the thousand obscure and densely crowded courts and alleys,

east of the India House? How many in St. John's Wood could find their way on the other side of the Thames? What memory would be found equal to the remembrance of all the names, affluents, bearings and geographical positions of its 20,000 streets! It is the study of a life-time.

Till within the last few years, London presented comparatively but slender claims to architectural elegance. Of its public buildings there were but few that exhibited any great taste, while the mansions of the nobility, and the religious edifices of the city might also be classed under the same category. With the exception of St. Paul's, the Abbey at Westminster, and Somerset House, most of the splendid structures that now cluster so thickly its numerous streets, and adumbrate the vast opulence of this mighty emporium of commerce and wealth, have been erected during the last thirty years. Within forty years, four or five splendid new bridges have spanned the waters of the Thames. This has been owing to the long interval of peace, which has induced a more fostering care and cultivation of art and love of refinement. Although much was accomplished in this regard, during the reigns of George IV. and his immediate successor, yet under the auspices of the reigning Monarch—the most universally beloved of all England's sovereigns—London

may be said to have attained its Augustan age. Stupendous as its present extent is, conjecture is baffled in the attempt to estimate the vastness of its constantly increasing dimensions; for it retains within itself all the elements which have hitherto contributed, under less favorable circumstances, to augment its greatness.

Thus endeth our bird's eye view of the Great Metropolis; a miniature sketch of which, as seen from a suburban eminence, here meets the eye of the reader.

CHAPTER II.

Hyde Park—The Crystal Palace—Its Dimensions and Cost—Its splendid Appearance—Influence of this Industrial Congress of Nations on the World—Apsley House—The Iron Duke—Earl of Elgin's House—Bath House—Devonshire House—Pulteney Hotel—House of Murray, the Publisher—Burlington House—The Albany.

COMMENCING our tour of the city at Hyde Park, one of the great lungs which connect the arteries of this "mighty heart of England," we catch a glimpse of London to the best advantage. It is the largest of the parks of London, measuring three hundred and eighty-seven acres, and having seven beautiful gates. The manor of Hyde Park in early times belonged to the Abbey of Westminster; at the period of the Reformation, however, it became the property of the Crown. It is the place of rendezvous and fashionable promenade of the aristocracy. From three to five o'clock in the afternoon, throngs of splendid equipages blockade its various avenues, and on Sundays the display of fashion and luxurious splendor is to be

seen in its greatest extent. It is computed there are about 80,000 private carriages in London; five thousand, it has been estimated, may often be seen in Hyde Park. The number during the great Exhibition has increased beyond all the power of computation: the leading thoroughfares being incessantly blocked up with all sorts of vehicles. Till within a few years past, Hyde Park, Bayswater and Knightsbridge were considered suburban; now imposing and stately edifices may be seen ranged in long lines of succession, making this vicinage the most fashionable and splendid portion of the 'West End.' Luxury and splendor here vie with the old mansions of the aristocracy in the squares of Grosvenor, Bryanston, Hanover and Cavendish; and for sumptuous magnificence they stand unrivalled. But the great crowning glory of Hyde Park, and indeed of the nation, is the Palace of Glass. This triumph of architectural skill has been so frequently and fully described, that we will not detain the reader by any minute recital of its details.

Huge as this immense fabric is—extending over an area of twenty-two acres—it yet seems of such frail transparent beauty and so delicate in its structure as to be scarcely fitted to resist the action of the elements. It is the most unique and novel edifice ever constructed by the in-

genuity and genius of man. The entire building, which is fabricated of iron and glass, measures one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one feet in length, four hundred and fifty-six feet in width, in the broadest part, with a transept of four hundred and eight feet long and seventy-two wide, intersecting the building at right angles in the middle. The side walls rise in three steps,—the outer wall measuring twenty four feet high, the second and third each twenty feet higher, or sixty-four feet from the bottom of its supporting pillars, giving within the building a great central avenue, or nave, seventy-two feet wide. The transept is one hundred and eight feet in length; its roof is semicircular. The space occupied on the ground floor is seven hundred and seventy-two thousand seven hundred and eighty-four square feet, and that of the galleries above two hundred and seventeen thousand one hundred square feet. The total cubic contents of the building is estimated at thirty-three million feet! This mammoth structure has four exits at the east end, four at the west, and six on the south side. The main entrances are three in number—one at the south end of the transept, nearly opposite the Prince of Wales's Gate, richly ornamented, extending along its entire breadth, with seven pairs of doors, each of eight feet span; the other

being at the ends of the centre side, each with nine doors of similar size. There are three thousand three hundred columns of iron, and about nine hundred thousand superficial feet of glass used in the building. Beside other accessories and appendages, there are arrangements for the supply of water power, steam power, and an electric telegraph, which is made to transmit information between the officers and attendants on the exhibition, from all sections of this beautiful palace.

The receipts of the exhibition are estimated at about £400,000. Of this immense sum, one-half, it is calculated, will defray all the charges connected with the building.

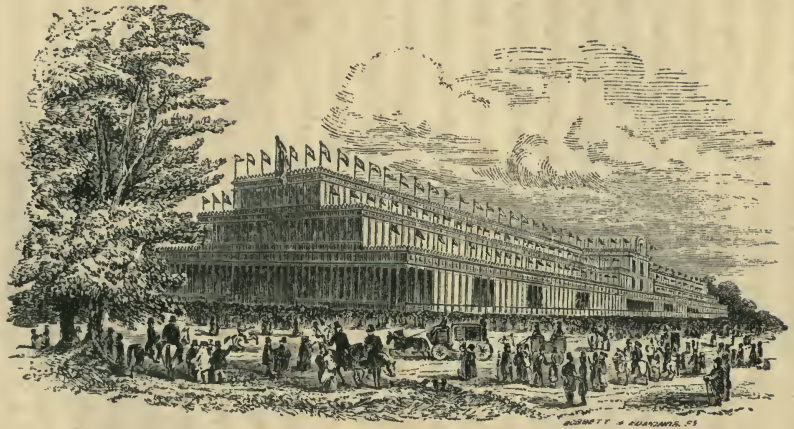
The whole building originally cost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds—the committee paying seventy-nine thousand eight hundred pounds for its use. If for nothing else, this immense pile of transparancy is astounding for its cheapness.

It is also remarkable for the short space of time occupied in its erection,—only about four months. The successful experiment of the use of iron and glass in its construction, forms a new era in the history of architecture.

Already glass and iron are beginning to usurp the place of wood and brick. Massive glass doors are now to be seen in many of the splendid man

sions of the nobility; and edifices of iron are becoming common. The effect of entering the great crystal temple is inexpressibly grand. The eye is dazzled and bewildered with its blaze of beauty. On every side there is a ceaseless succession of the works of art, of such a grace and splendor, that one is held spell-bound by the sight, with a strange fascination. The richly variegated tints which these objects reflect upon the glazed roof, tend still further to heighten the fairy-like effect of the scene. Never, in the history of nations, since the building of Babel—and if that were a memorial of confusion, this was certainly one of harmony—has there been such a great gathering of people, from all quarters of the globe, as were convened for the celebration of this wondrous world-festival.

The history of the arts of life, and the progress of mankind are traceable there; from the lonely cave, still inhabited by the African bushman, to the crowded city, where these multitudinous objects are collected—from the stern and shapeless trunk of a tree, to the symmetrical winged ship—from the first detection of steam, to its subsequent application and development. The records of all time have been consulted, and the secrets of every region searched out, to enrich this peaceful gathering together of the fruits of human perseverence.



The Crystal Palace.

This brilliant display of science and art—this glorious triumph of industry and commerce, will illustrate the tendency of our times to unity of feeling and concert of action throughout the world.

Considering the vastnesss—bordering on the infinite—of this unparalleled collection, its variety almost inexhaustible, it can never be appreciated as it deserves. The pen and pencil have been brought into such frequent requisition for portraying this glorious Temple of Industry in all its various phases, that it seems needless to indulge in any further allusion to the subject: yet we cannot refrain from citing the following graphic sketch, in form of a reverie, by a recent writer in the *London Illustrated News:*

'For many hours I had wandered through its gorgeous mazes, till my mind felt nearly as bewildered, under the excitement of scenes so novel and splendid, as my limbs were weary. It was with a feeling of inexpressible satisfaction, that I at length dropped into a seat within sight of those green, ancient elms, so still above the moving throng, while at the same time my eyes fell upon the sweet refreshing waters flowing from the crystal fountain, and on the delicate flowering shrubs disposed with so much taste amidst the splendid ornaments and statues of this glorious Palace; the swelling tones

of the magnificent organs, added to the fascinating influences of the place, rose and fell on my senses like the songs of distant angels. I thought upon all the wondrous works of art which I had beheld throughout that long day, and felt that man had indeed richly availed himself of the bountiful gifts of the great Creator—of that "rough produce," of those "raw materials," without which none of these splendid works of man's art could have sprung into existence. I looked on the crystal fountain—that amazing specimen of human skill and ingenuity. What a wonderfnl combination! sand—flint—alkali! Can these substances indeed have produced that fairy structure, as well as this light airy dome over my head? Then my eyes glanced on the pure, cool, flowing waters—what would that fountain be, after all, without its bright streams?'

When the visitor has surveyed for a hundred times the magic beauties of the transept, the glorious garniture of the nave, the magnificent display of taste and skill in the foreign sections, and all the other more attractive features of this sixty days' promenade, he may at last refresh his exhausted curiosity with a visit to the more homely, but not less meritorious, contents of the south-west aisle. He will there see some acres literally under the plough and the harrow. Whatever ingenuity has invented

to turn up stiff clay with the least cost of labor, to break the stubborn glebe, to pulverize the baked clods, to deposit the seed, to extract it uninjured from the ear, to convert it into flour, or to assist man in any other of the thousand and one processes of husbandry, is there spread out for the inspection of the agriculturist.

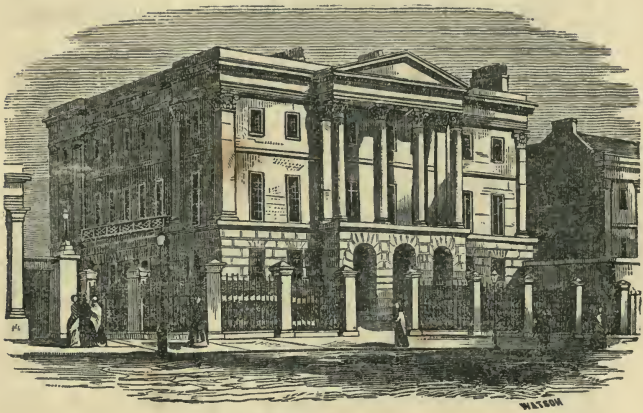
The visit to this gorgeous display of the triumphs of modern art will be a vision over which memory will delight to linger for many coming years; and if the present year is not signalized by any other important event in the world's history, this congress of the industry of all nations will confer upon it an imperishable lustre. It is impossible to compute the important advantages which must result from this magnificent enterprise. That it must exert a most potent and beneficial influence in stimulating to emulation, the artist, the mechanic, and the artizan, is a matter beyond doubt; while it will tend to combine in friendly alliance the collective genius and skill of the civilized globe. It affords the greatest demonstration of the rapid progress of civilization, in its tendency to remove the jealousies and false estimates which obtain among men, and in inspiring them with a more liberal charity and fraternal spirit. The servile restrictions which are imposed between the patrician and

the plebeian, have thus become ameliorated—the pride of the peer yields to the power of genius, though in rags; and under the same roof, the monarch has mingled with the mechanic, in doing homage to its wonderful creations. Thus labor is dignified, the race elevated, and an enlightened philanthropy universally diffused. Such an exhibition of the products of skill, also essentially aids in educating the popular taste.

"By the favor of Heaven," says the *London Times*, "we shall continue to improve, and, as we improve, to throw down the clumsy barriers within which barbarism has for so long intrenched itself and divided the nations of the earth. As all nations and all languages, the produce of all soils, and the works of all hands meet in that edifice, so we trust they may meet and pass to and fro without let or hindrance over the whole surface of the globe."

But we must bid adieu to the world of wonders enclosed within the vast area of the Crystal Palace, and resume our peregrinations down Piccadilly. The first notable building we meet with, as we leave the Park, is Apsley House, the mansion of the Duke of Wellington; it is situated in Piccadilly, at the south-east corner of Hyde Park, and connected with it by a triumphal arch of the Corinthian order. This edifice is worthy, in all

respects, of its illustrious occupant,—"the man whom the nation delighteth to honor."



APSLEY HOUSE.

Many works of art of high importance decorate this mansion in the various apartments, the principal of which is a magnificent saloon, occupying the entire western side. On the walls are hung many of the finest pictures; it is in this room the grand annual banquet is given by his Grace, on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, to the principal officers of the army serving on the occasion.

In the inner hall stands the colossal statue of Napoleon, by Canova. The figure is nude, holding a winged Victory in the right hand. On the entrance of the allied armies into Paris, after the

battle of Waterloo, it became a trophy of war, and was presented by the congregated sovereigns of Europe to the illustrious hero in whose mansion it is now placed.

There is also a bronze copy of the monument, by Rauch, dedicated to the veteran Blücher.

The collection of pictures is not extensive, but exceedingly choice; several of them were presented to the duke by the king of Spain, after their recovery from the baggage of Joseph Bonaparte, captured at Vittoria. The greatest gem is considered to be Christ's Agony in the Garden, by Correggio. It is a small picture which has always borne the highest reputation, and was for a long time in the Royal Palace of Madrid.

"The Iron Duke," as he is familiarly called, seems to belong to two ages—his name fills the story of the Peninsular war, and the battle of Waterloo, and he is still the political *confidant* of his Sovereign. He has, indeed, long enjoyed a living apotheosis of fame, and, although verging towards ninety years of age, still retains the possession of his mental and physical powers. It is said that some years ago, an American lady in conversation with a friend, remarked as she was passing near Apsley House, that she had seen all the wonders of England, except one—the Duke of Wellington.

His Grace, who was passing at the moment, attended by his groom, accidentally overhearing the remark, turned towards the lady, and lifting his hat, said, "Madam, permit me to gratify your wish, by presenting the Duke before you."

Facing Apsley House stands the Royal entrance to Buckingham Palace. This triumphal archway is of marble, and surmounted by the colossal statue of the Duke of Wellington, which is undoubtedly the largest equestrian statue in the world.

The house two doors east of the Duke of Wellington's was long the London residence of Beckford, the author of "Vathek."

Passing down Piccadilly, may be seen many splendid houses of the nobility: the first we would mention, is that of the Earl of Elgin. Here were first exhibited the celebrated collection of marbles, now deposited in the British Museum, and which will ever bear his name. They were purchased by the British government in 1816, at the cost of £35,000,—a sufficient proof of the cupidity of one party and the prodigality of the other. The aristocratic thoroughfare, now known as Park-lane, was formerly called Tyburn-lane, notorious as being the highway to the place of public executions. Curzon-street, where the chapel now stands,

was, about the middle of the last century, the spot where May Fair was kept.

The celebrated Bath House, which fronted on Piccadilly and which was standing until the year 1821, contained upwards of fifty rooms, besides numerous servants' offices, etc. The ceiling of the library was richly carved with foliage and splendidly gilt, and the other apartments of this noble mansion were of corresponding splendor. Sir William Pulteney was its sole occupant for years, and afterwards it was possessed by the Duke of Portland. In 1711, it was referred to in the "Spectator" as a country seat. Upon its site Lord Ashburton, formerly Mr. Baring, has erected a more modern structure. The Duke of Devonshire's town residence is not far distant. At this splendid stone mansion are given those magnificent balls and *fêtes* which excite the admiration of one half the fashionable world, and the envy of the other. The Duke, by the tenure of his title, is unmarried, and is regarded as the leader of the fashions. The residence of Lord Brougham stands adjacent. It is a large house on the west side of the Duke's.

The character of Brougham has been admirably epitomized by Punch, in the following lines :

> The Statesman,—who, in a less happy hour
> Than this, maintained man's right to read and know,

And gave the keys of knowledge and of power
With equal hand alike to high and low.
The Lawyer,—who, unwarped by private aims,
Denounced the Law's abuse, chicane, delay;
The Chancellor,—who settled centuries' claims,
And swept an age's dense arrears away;
The man whose name men read e'en as they run
On every landmark the world's course along,
That speaks to us of a great battle won
Over untruth, or prejudice, or wrong.

From No. 80, Sir Francis Burdett was taken to the Tower, April 6th, 1810; the officer, armed with an arrest-warrant, scaling the house with a ladder, entering the window of the drawing-room, where Sir Francis was found instructing his son in '*Magna Charta*,' the street being occupied by the Horse Guards. No. 105, now Hertford House, was the old Pulteney Hotel; here the Emperor of Russia put up during the memorable visit of the allied sovereigns in 1814: and here the Duchess of Oldenburgh (the Emperor Alexander's sister) introduced Prince Leopold to the Princess Charlotte. In the large brick house No. 1, Stratton-street, Mrs. Coutts, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, died. Lord Eldon's house, at the corner of Hamilton-place, was built by his grandfather, Lord Chancellor Eldon, who died in it. On the south end of Albemarle street, once stood the princely edifice, Clarendon House, the residence of the Chancellor. It cost ori-

ginally £50,000, it has since been pulled down. No. 50 Albermarle street, is the celebrated establishment of John Murray, publisher to the Admiralty. Murray, the well known publisher of Byron's works, used to be familiarly styled, the 'Prince of Publishers;' his drawing room has been honored by the presence of most of the great lights of modern literature,—Scott, Jeffreys, Millman, Byron, Washington Irving, Lockhart, Prof. Wilson, Moore, etc. Murray was the only member of his craft, admitted to the tables of the aristocracy, and, if report be true, he fully appreciated the privilege. To the honor of Burlington House and the noble Earl, it will be recollected Pope, Gray, and Handel were among its resident visitors. Queensberry House, in Burlington Gardens, was where the amiable poet Gray breathed his last in 1752. His body lay in state, and, at eight o'clock in the evening, was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, attended by Pope and several distinguished noblemen. Near the west side of Burlington House, is Burlington Arcade. It is a covered avenue with glass roof, and with shops on either side tastefully decorated. On the eastern side of Burlington House, is a snug retreat denominated The Albany. It consists of a range of houses divided off into chambers, and principally occupied

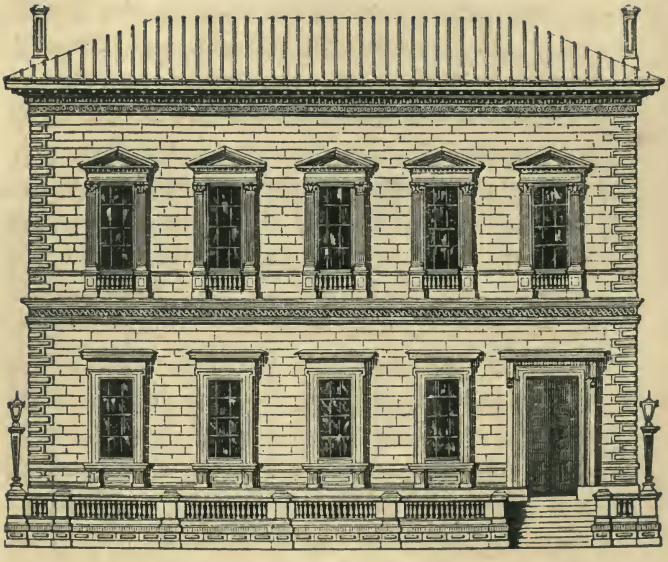
by "gay young bachelors," members of Parliament, artists, and authors. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton occupied chambers there. Monk Lewis, George Canning, and Lord Byron resided here; the house of the last named was No. 139. On the opposite side of Piccadilly stands the Egyptian Hall. It is here Catlin's Indian Gallery has been exhibited. St. James's Church watches over the remains of—Dodsey, the bookseller; Gillray, the caricaturist; Cotton, the associate of Izaak Walton; Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope; Mark Akenside, the poet; and Sir John Malcolm.

The reader may be curious to know the origin of the name—Piccadilly. The earliest authority on this subject bears date 1566, from which we learn the term "Pickadill" signified the hem of a garment, and it is supposed its application to this street was in consequence of its remoteness from the town. Mr. Jesse is of the opinion, however, that this article of dress was not introduced until nearly twenty years after Piccadilly had become a familiar name. He inclines to the supposition that the name took its rise from the Spanish word *peccadillo*—a venial fault; and that the name was first given to a house of amusement located here, which was the favorite resort of the votaries of fashion and folly of those days.

CHAPTER III.

St. James's-street—Crockford's, the Travellers', and other Club Houses—The Clubs of Johnson's days—Drawing Room day at St. James's—Bridgewater House—Stafford House—Rogers's House—Johnson and Savage—Pall Mall—Charles II.—Dodsley—St. James's Palace—Buckingham Palace—Royal Procession to Parliament—St. James's Park—Milton's House—Peace Celebration—the Horse Guards, etc.

HERE we approach Saint James's-street, which is celebrated all over Europe for its splendid club-houses, and the old Palace that bears its name. These clubs, numbering above thirty-five, include some of the most splendid edifices of the metropolis. The Travellers' Club is the best known to Americans; members of our diplomatic corps being not unfrequently guests at its tables. The names of the most celebrated are as follows: the Travellers', White's, Brookes's, the Thatched House, the Conservative Club, the Oxford and Cambridge, the Carl-



Traveller's Club House.

ton, the United Service, the Reform Club, the Athenæum, Arthur's, and the Army and Navy Club. St. James's Coffee-House, St. James's-street, which was a Whig coffee-house of the time of Queen Anne, was frequented by Addison and Steele, and occasionally attended by Goldsmith and Garrick. Here originated Goldsmith's "Retaliation."

White's, a Tory club-house, opposite Crockford's, was originally White's Chocolate-House, under which name it was established. As a Club it dates from 1736. It was then made a private house, for the convenience of the chief frequenters of the place, whose annual subscriptions towards its support were paid to the proprietor, by whom the Club was formed. The arms of the Club were designed by Horace Walpole and George Selwyn.

The most noted of these clubs was Crockford's, the notorious gambling-house of the great Metropolis. This magnificent structure was long the wonder and boast of London. Crockford's has been not inaptly styled Pandæmonium. Its interior decorations are splendid in the extreme. On entering from the street, a magnificent vestibule and staircase break upon the view. To the right and left of the hall are the reading and dining rooms. The staircases are of sinuous form,

sustained by four columns of the Doric order; above which are series of examples in the Ionic order, forming a quadrangle, with apertures to the chief apartments. Above the pillars is a covered ceiling, perforated with numerous panels of stained glass, from which springs a dome of surpassing beauty; from the dome depends a lantern containing a magnificent chandelier.

Its state drawing-room was decorated in the gaudy style of the school of Louis Quatorze, its panels being richly ornamented by mirrors; sumptuous chandeliers were suspended from a richly groined and gilded ceiling, and, taken as a whole, such was its consummate splendor, that it was long considered altogether unrivalled. There were other chambers scarcely inferior in beauty: yet this gorgeous palace was desecrated to the worst of purposes—that of gambling. We remember an instance of princely fortune having been squandered away in a single night—that of Lord Milton, who sacrificed at the dice-table £30,000! This notorious establishment possessed a private bank, and more diabolical wickedness was perpetrated within its walls than has ever been revealed, and yet enough has been exposed to render it an object of universal detestation.

On Crockford's death in 1844, the Club was closed, and it ceased to be occupied until May, 1849, when it was taken possession of by the Military and Naval County Service Club. The following impromptu was perpetrated by Sydney Smith, at a party at Holland House, upon a lady's remarking, that the money which men lost at their clubs in gambling, would dress the ladies:

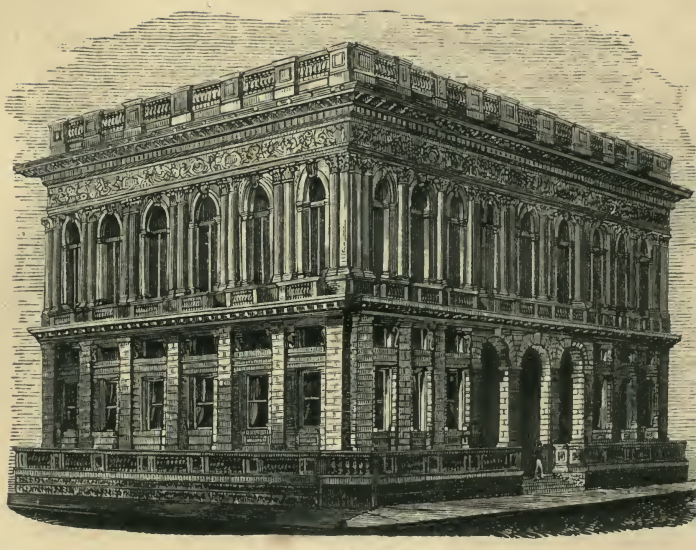
"Thoughtless that 'all that's brightest fades,'
Forgetting quite that knave of spades—
The sexton, and his subs,—
How foolishly we play our parts,
Women on diamonds set their hearts,
Men set their hearts on clubs."

A new phase of English society has been presented by the establishment of these numerous Clubs; they differ essentially in their constitution from those of the age of Johnson. Some of the most influential and opulent of the British Peerage are attached to these institutions. As to architectural elegance, they exhibit some of the best specimens extant.

These establishments, which have of late years assumed a splendor unknown to the ideas of their originators, are the resorts of political, fashionable, and literary characters, for the purpose of conversation, reading, or refreshment. Persons desirous of admission must be proposed by members, and

balloted for. The subscriptions vary, according to the character of the club, from twenty to twenty-five guineas entrance, and from five to six guineas per annum.

Until about thirty years ago a Club was seldom more than a mere knot of acquaintances who met together of an evening, at stated times, in a room engaged for that purpose at some tavern, and some of them held their meetings at considerable intervals apart. Most of them were anything but fashionable—some of them upon a footing not at all higher than that of a club of mechanics. Among the regulations of the Essex-street Club, for instance, (instituted by Dr. Johnson shortly before his death, and limited to twenty-four members,) one was, that each person should spend not less than *sixpence;* another, that each absentee should forfeit *threepence*, and each of the company was to contribute a *penny* as a *douceur* for the waiter! At that period the chief object of such associations was relaxation after the business of the day, and the enjoyment of a social evening in a homely way, in what would now be called a snug party. The celebrated "Literary Club," which was founded by Reynolds in 1763, and whose meetings were held once a week at the Turk's Head, in Gerard-street, Soho, now a very unfashionable locality,



The Army and Navy Club House.

consisted at first of only nine members, which number was, however, gradually increased to the large number of *thirty-five;* yet, limited as it was, it would not be easy even now to bring together as large a number of equally distinguished characters. That club dined together once a fortnight, on which occasions "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" were, no doubt, enjoyed in perfection. In most clubs of that period, on the contrary, the flow of wine, or other liquor, was far more abundant than that of mind, and the conversation was generally more easy and hilarious than intellectual or refined.

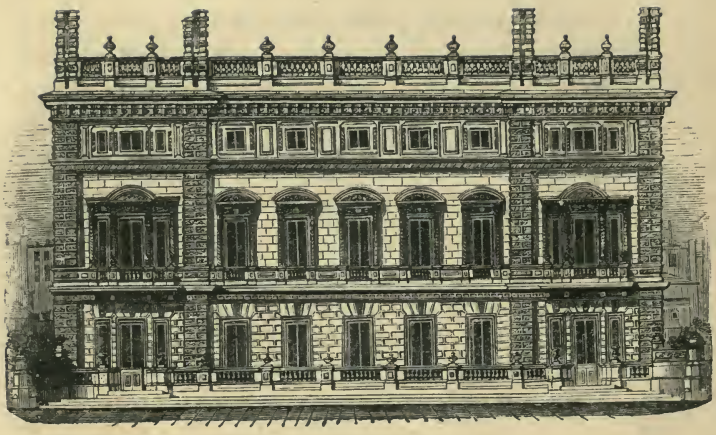
The Army and Navy Club, corner of George-street, St. James's Square, was built 1847-50, from the designs of Parnell and Smith. The building cost in all £35,000, exclusive of fittings. The comparatively small plot of land on which it stands has cost the Club £52,500, and the total expenditure may be called in round numbers £100,000. The largest apartment is the "Morning Room;" and the "Library" is larger than the "Drawing Room." The enrichments of the ceilings throughout are in cartonpierre and papier-mâché. The principal furniture is of walnut-wood. The Kitchen is one of the successful novelties of the building, and will repay a visit.

Most part of the club-houses are in Pall Mall and St. James's-street. The building erected for the Reform Club, by Mr. Barry, is one of the finest structures belonging to this class of edifices, and is fitted up with equal taste and magnificence.

It was built in the year 1839: the club consists of 1400 members; the annual subscription being ten guineas, and the entrance fee twenty guineas. This club was founded by the liberal members of the two Houses of Parliament, about the time of the passing of the Reform Bill, 1830-32. The interior of the edifice, especially the large hall covered with glass, in the centre of the building, is very imposing.

The Carlton, the Conservative, the Athenæum, and the United Service Clubs, are splendid specimens of architecture.

On State occasions, when the Queen holds a "Drawing Room" at St. James's Palace, this street is full of gaiety and splendor. From two o'clock till seven, the carriages of the nobility passing to and from the palace, completely blockade this thoroughfare and the adjacent streets. It is a splendid sight to witness the gaudy liveries without, and the magnificent tiaras of diamonds glittering within, these superb equipages as they pass in procession.



Bridgewater House.

St. James's Park was originally formed by Henry VIII., who caused to be drained and enclosed what at that time was little better than a marsh. It was afterwards much improved by Charles II., who employed Le Nôtre to plant the avenues and form a canal, as also an aviary adjoining, from which the Bird-cage Walk took its name. This park is covered with beautiful flower-beds, lofty elms and dwarf shrubs, and green sward divided by gravelled walks; while the lake, with its fountain and artificial islands (the latter designed for the accommodation of the numerous water-fowl) render this deservedly one of the most popular promenades in the Metropolis.

On the parade, in front of the Horse Guards, are placed a Turkish piece of ordnance captured at Alexandria by the British army, a piece of ordnance captured at Waterloo, and one of the mortars used by the French army to throw shells into Cadiz; its range being said to be three miles, and its weight sixteen tons.

One of the regiments of the Foot Guards daily parades in this park, between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, attended by the band.

Bridgewater House, in St. James's Park, the town residence of the Earl of Ellesmere, is enriched with a rare collection of pictures by the

Caracci and other great painters, and is justly celebrated. The Chandos portrait of Shakspeare also adorns the picture-gallery. This collection is valued at over £150,000, and by strenuous exertions was completed in time to be opened gratuitously to the public simultaneously with the Great Exhibition. It is situated at the foot of the Green Park, and commands a beautiful view, on the north, of Piccadilly; on the south, of St. James's Park, on the east, of Pall Mall; and the Clubs; and on the west, of Buckingham Palace and the Green Park, with the celebrated Wellington statue and Hyde Park Corner in the distance. It is perhaps the handsomest private building in London.

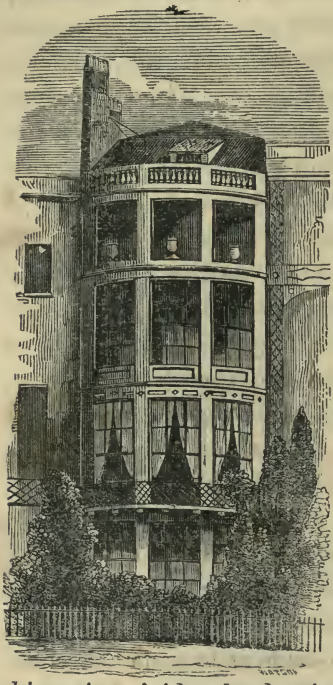
Stafford House, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, is also a most superb structure; it cost £200,000 in erection. Its gallery is among the largest and most valuable of London. A grand staircase occupies a large part of the central mass of the building, and rises to the top, receiving light from a range of lantern windows, divided by colossal caryatides, which support the ceiling. Whatever wealth could obtain of skill and art to achieve the most magnificent *coup-d'œil* in the metropolis, has been here lavished with consummate skill. The complete surface of the

Stafford House.

floor and staircase is covered with scarlet cloth; the balustrades of the hand-railing are of a graceful, complicated pattern, richly gilt. On the first landing is placed the marble statue of a sibyl, by Rinaldi. From this landing two flights of steps diverge upwards to a gallery, which passes round three sides of the hall, and is decorated with marble columns and balustrades. Copies, by Lorenzi, of several of Paul Veronese's colossal pictures, fill various compartments. From the base to the ceiling of this grand architectural feature, sculpture, carving, gilding, and every ornament that could aid its magnificence, have been employed to complete it.

In St. James's-street, Buckingham Gate, lived Glover, the author of "Leonidas," an epic; also Pye, the poet-laureat, at No. 2; and at No. 6, Gifford, editor of the London Quarterly Review, and author of the "Baviad and Mæviad." He died in 1846. Sir Walter Scott, referring to Gifford, in his Diary, says:—"He was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill-made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance. He had one singular custom—he always used to have a duenna of a housekeeper to sit in his study with him while he wrote. This female companion died while I was in London, and his distress was extreme. I afterwards heard

he got her place supplied. I believe there was no scandal in all this."



The house No. 22 was built on the site of one inhabited by the late Duke of St. Alban's, for Samuel Rogers, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," etc. James Wyatt, R. A., was the architect, but much of its elegance depended on its worthy owner. Here are treasured some of the finest works of ancient and modern art. Flaxman designed the cornice and the chimney-pieces; Stothard shines in vivid splendor in the decorations of a cabinet, designed by Mr. Rogers as a receptacle for his choice specimens of Italian art, among which are his matchless impressions of the Cartoons at Hampton Court: each print is produced by blocks of seventeen colors, and also with one

block charged with silver, and another with gold. "If you enter his [Rogers's] house—his drawing-room, his library,—you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor." Among his pictures are nine by Sir Joshua Reynolds, three of the more noticeable of which are, Little Puck, Cupid and Psyche, the Sleeping Girl, etc. Poetry and poverty are usually convertible terms, but here we have an exception to the rule, Rogers being at once a patron as well as a votary of the muse. He is immensely wealthy, as a proof of which he has a million Bank of England note, framed and glazed, hanging upon his walls. But he is a banker as well as a poet.

The late Sir Francis Burdett's house is No. 25, which is celebrated for its curiously constructed library, drawing-room, staircase, &c. Earl Spencer's next claims our notice; the matchless literary treasures which his library contains, have been made the subject of learned and most pleasant record, by the renowned bibliopole, Dr. Dibdin. We forgot to note that the house No. 76, St. James's-street is memorable as having been the place where Gibbon breathed his last.

In Jermyn-street, St. James's, lived the great Duke of Marlborough, in 1675–1681; the house was situated at the west end, south side, about five doors down. Sir Isaac Newton lived in this street; also Gray, the poet. At St. James's Market close by, in a room over the market-house, preached Richard Baxter, the Nonconformist. On the occasion of his first sermon, the main beam of the building cracked beneath the weight of the congregation. In Bury-street, St. James's, lived Dean Swift; Thomas Moore also lodged at No. 33 in this street, in 1814; and Crabbe at No. 37. The St. James's Hotel, No. 76, on the south side, was the last London lodging of Sir Walter Scott. Here he lay for a period of three weeks after his return from the Continent, either in absolute stupor or a waking dream. The apartment he occupied was the second floor back room: the great novelist and poet was carried from the hotel to his carriage on the afternoon of the 7th July, 1832. Many were eager to see so great a man, but all mere curiosity seemed to cease when they saw the vacant eye and prostrate figure of the illustrious poet. There was not a covered head; hardly a dry eye on the occasion.*

Turn we now to an opposite picture. St. James's

* Cunningham.

Square, near by, witnessed a scene of sad destitution and suffering, in the instance of Richard Savage and Samuel Johnson, ere their names became eminent in English life. It was here these neglected sons of genius were accustomed to linger through the live-long night, without shelter and without food. Both highly gifted with mind, but not with money, the former fell a victim to his improvidence; the latter struggled manfully with his difficulties, mastered them, and reared for himself an imperishable fame. *Almack's*, the well-known resort of the beauty, wealth, and fashion of Great Britain, is an object of interest to the *beau monde;* it is situated in King-street. It is worthy of note that the once aristocratic St. James's-street was the first that was paved for foot-passengers in London, and also the first street in connection with Pall Mall that was lighted with gas; this occurred in 1809. St. James's Square abounds with splendid mansions occupied by the higher orders of the British peerage, and once by members of the royal family. It was here, at Norfolk House, that George III. was born. It was at Lord Ellenborough's house that the sale of the celebrated Roxburgh library took place in 1812. Robert Bowyer, the distinguished collector of engravings illustrative of the history of England,

lived in Pall Mall, some dozen doors east of the Palace. Pall Mall derives its name from *Paille-Maille;* the term given to an athletic game with ball and mallet, brought over from France in the 17th century. In Pepys' Diary, 1661, is the following: "To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelle Melle, the first time that ever I saw the sport." It was while walking in the Mall, that Charles II. one day gave Dryden the hint for writing his poem called the "Medal." "If I was a poet," said the King, "and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject," and then gave him the plan for it. Dryden took the hint, carried the poem, as soon as it was finished, to the King, who presented him with a hundred "broad pieces" for it. In 1681, Sir William Temple resided in Pall Mall, also the Hon. Robert Boyle. The Duke of Schornberg's house, a large brick mansion, is now occupied by Payne and Foss, the booksellers. Schornberg House was built in the reign of William III. The house was subsequently bestowed upon Nell Gwynne, by Charles II.; it was from the back wall of this house, that she once held a light conversation with the King, which so horrified the decorous John Evelyn. From this locality also emanated that magnificent work,

Boydell's "Illustrations of Shakspeare," and other superb works, which cost nearly £300,000. The renowned book-auctioneer, Evans, also lived in Pall Mall, near the building formerly used for the National Gallery. Among his other celebrated book-sales was that of the vast library of Richard Heber, the great collector, and brother to the Bishop, whose prodigious and rather chaotic mass of books were finally distributed for sale in the several cities of London, Oxford, Paris, Ghent, and at his residence in Hodnet, in Shropshire. The sale at Evans's lasted a hundred days, and the catalogues made fifteen volumes. Dodsley, the bookseller, commenced life as a footman, but even in that servile situation, he discovered his superior abilities in several productions of his pen, which were subsequently published, and among which was his well known-satire, "The Muse in Livery, or the Footman's Miscellany." It was Dodsley who first befriended Johnson, when he was utterly unknown and uncared for; for he paid him ten guineas for his first production (1738); and about twenty years afterwards, he commenced the bold enterprise, under the auspicious pen of Burke, of his series of the Annual Register. The establishment of this worthy bibliopole was the favorite resort of Young, Akenside, Walpole, War-

ton, Burke, Pope, and other learned men of his times. He was also publisher to Pope, Young, and Akenside. Dodsley ultimately acquired what is rare with his craft, a splendid fortune. The artist Gainsborough lived and died also in this same street.

St. James's Palace, situated in Pall Mall, directly facing St. James's-street, was erected on the site of a hospital founded some time before the Norman Conquest. It was subsequently surrendered to Henry VIII., who built a considerable portion of the Palace as it now stands. In this edifice the Sovereign holds the Levees and Drawing Rooms. The first are attended by gentlemen only, and usually take place on appointed Wednesdays during what is termed "the season" in London. The "Drawing Rooms" are destined for the Royal reception of ladies as well as gentlemen, and are held on appointed Thursdays. The suite of apartments used for these purposes have windows looking into St. James's Park, and are of considerable dimensions. They may be said to be handsomely furnished, but fall very short of any regal magnificence worthy of the mighty kingdom of Great Britain. There were formerly some fine pictures by the great masters, and decorative furniture but they have been removed since Her

St. James's Palace.

Majesty's accession, and they now contain only some good portraits with inferior ones and copies. On ascending the grand staircase, a grand chamber adorned with a number of military arms in fanciful devices, is on the left hand.

Passing through a similar one, usually decorated with arms, the first room of the state apartments is entered. This is called the Tapestry Room, as the walls are hung with that material; the antique fire-place still retains the initials of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, interlaced with true-lovers' knots. The Ball Room succeeds, and is the first grand apartment facing the park. Two large pictures of the Siege of Tournay and the Siege of Lisle by the Duke of Marlborough, are hung in it; there are likewise several full length portraits of Kings and Queens. The next in succession of the suite of rooms is the Drawing Room; then the Throne Room, at the western end of which is the Royal Chair of State, placed under a canopy emblazoned with the Royal Arms. Immediately behind the Throne Room, is a smaller apartment called the Council Chamber. The Chapel-Royal, at which Her Majesty attends when in town, has a choral service; admission to it may be obtained by a small douceur to the attendants.

In the reign of Charles the First, Mary di Medici, in order to escape the intrigues of Richelieu, occupied apartments in St. James's Palace, during a period of three years, although she was no favorite with the English people, who finally petitioned Parliament for her removal to France. This was granted; but her travelling expenses voted to her by Parliament were £10,000. The ill-fated Charles spent the last three days of his melancholy life here. The "Pretender" was born at this Palace, which has also been the residence of the crowned heads, down to the accession of Queen Victoria, who prefers to occupy Buckingham Palace, which is far more spacious and splendid. Still, however, the Drawing Rooms and Levees of the Court are held at St. James's.

The suite of state apartments consist of ante-rooms, presence-chamber, drawing-rooms, Queen's closet, etc. In the presence-chamber, the Sovereign receives the homage of her subjects. In this room is the throne, surmounted with a crimson canopy of velvet beautifully embroidered with gold. In the dining-hall of St. James's Palace, we were once admitted to view the preparations for a royal banquet. The tables were covered with the superb service of massive gold plate of George IV., at that day un-

equalled for its costly magnificence. Some years afterwards we were curious to witness the ceremonial of the remains of the Duke of York lying in state. The apartments were hung in black festoons, escutcheons were placed around the walls; numerous candelabra of immense proportions were ranged each side of the coffin, which occupied the centre of the great hall. A splendid pall covered the remains, at the head of which was placed the ducal coronet. So intense was the popular anxiety to witness the solemn spectacle, that several persons received injuries from the crowd, and one or two lost their lives, in the attempt to gain admission.

Passing from thence into St. James's Park, we catch a glimpse of Buckingham Palace, the royal metropolitan residence. The principal front forms a square, enclosing a space of about two hundred and fifty feet in diameter. There are twenty-three windows in each of the two upper stories; the entresol is lighted by panels over the windows of the ground floor; and the top story by openings in the freize of the entablature. The whole is crowned by a balustrade, the dies which form it into panels being each surmounted by an urn. The state apartments, staircases, etc., are on the grandest scale: the floors are of inlaid wood, dispersed

in curious devices, and the door frames of richly sculptured marble; whilst the hangings, furniture, and ornaments are gorgeously resplendent. Attached to the Palace are the Royal Gardens, which occupy about 40 acres, and are beautifully laid out and ornamented. All the appointments of this magnificent structure seem to have been constructed with the most prodigal disregard of expense; we believe its entire cost amounted to between three and four millions sterling. When the Queen occupies the Palace, the royal standard is hoisted. It is somewhat remarkable that this royal residence should be pitched in the immediate vicinity where Ben Jonson and some of his contemporaries were accustomed to resort and indulge "potations deep." The neighborhood of Pimlico, on the south side, is still one of very equivocal character, as well as the dirty narrow street that faces the western entrance of Westminster Abbey. Some twenty years ago there were in this neighborhood several old-fashioned, quaint public-houses of great antiquity, in existence.

When Parliament is opened, or prorogued, or dissolved, by her Majesty in person, the following is the order observed:—The Queen leaves Buckingham Palace at a quarter before two o'clock, being conducted to her carriage by the Lord Chamberlain

and the Vice-Chamberlain, and her Crown carried to the House of Lords by one of the Lord Chamlain's chief officers.

The State procession includes a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying three gentlemen ushers and the Exon in waiting; a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying the Groom in waiting, the Groom in waiting to Prince Albert, and two Pages of Honor in waiting; a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying the Equerry in waiting, the Equerry in waiting to Prince Albert, and the Groom of the Robes; a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying the Clerk Marshal, the Silver Stick in waiting, the Field Officer in waiting, and the Comptroller of the Household; a carriage drawn by a set of bays, conveying the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, the Lord in waiting, the Lord in waiting to Prince Albert, and the Treasurer of the Household; a carriage drawn by a set of black horses, conveying the Lady in waiting, the Lord Steward, the Gold Stick in waiting, and the Groom of the Stole to the Prince. Here the carriage procession is broken by the Queen's Marshalmen, the Queen's Footmen in State, and a party of the Yeoman Guard. Then follows the State Coach drawn by eight cream-colored horses, conveying the Queen,

Prince Albert, the Mistress of the Robes, and the Master of the Horse.

St. James's Park, first formed by Henry VIII., was re-arranged and planted in the reign of Charles II., by the celebrated French architect, Le Notre, who designed the gardens at Versailles. The Park was again re-modelled in the reign of George IV. It is very picturesque in its arrangements; in the centre is an artificial lake, with islands; lofty willows, with their impending branches, deck the margins of the water; at the eastern extremity is a Swiss cottage, and at the western, facing Buckingham Palace, a beautiful fountain.

St. James's Park is very picturesque from whatever point it is surveyed; its adjacent buildings, including the Palace, the Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament, add a charm unequalled by any other public promenade in London.

John Evelyn makes frequent allusions in his "Sylva," to the majestic elms in St. James's Park, under whose shade himself and most of his illustrious contemporaries were accustomed to promenade. It was while Charles the Second was taking his accustomed daily walk in this park, that he first received intimation of the pretended Popish plot, which, supported by the perjury of Thomas Titus Oates, was the means of

bringing so many worthy men to the scaffold, and of exciting such a spirit of fanaticism in the nation. "On the 12th August, 1678," says Hume, "one Kirby, a chemist, accosted the king, as he was walking in the parks,—'Sir,' said he, 'keep within the company; your enemies have designed upon your life, and you may be shot in this very walk.'" Being asked the reason of these strange speeches, he said that two men, called Grove and Pickering, had engaged to shoot the king, and Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, to poison him. This intelligence, he added, had been communicated to him by Dr. Tougne, whom, if permitted he would introduce to his majesty. "The results of this conversation are but too well known, and form altogether, one of the most remarkable passages of English history." Near the handsome building recently erected, and known as Her Majesty's State Paper Office, may be seen part of the mansion once occupied by the execrable Judge Jeffries. It has since been known as Duke-street Chapel.

Milton was born at the *Spread Eagle*, Bread-street, Cheapside, December 9, 1608; and was buried, November, 1674, in St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, without even a stone, in the first instance, to mark his resting-place; but, in 1793,

a bust and tablet were set up to his memory by public subscription. Milton, before he resided in Jewin-gardens, Aldersgate, is believed to have removed to, and "kept school" in, a large house on the west side of Aldersgate-street, wherein met the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, previously to the rebuilding of their premises in 1839. Milton's London residences have all, with one exception, disappeared, and cannot be recognized; this is in Petty France, at Westminster, where the poet lived from 1651 to 1659. The lower part of the house is a chandler's shop; the parlor, up stairs, looks into St. James's Park. Here part of "Paradise Lost" was written. The house belonged to Jeremy Bentham, who caused to be placed on its front a tablet, inscribed, "Sacred to Milton, Prince of Poets." Hazlitt also resided here. The peace of 1814 was celebrated in the parks with great splendor: the grand national festival took place on the first of August of that year; in Hyde Park there was a mimic naval fight on the Serpentine, and a fair which lasted several days; in the Green Park was erected a splendid edifice called the "Temple of Concord;" and in St. James's Park a building which outlasted all the rest. A Chinese bridge of wood was thrown over the canal, upon the centre

of which was constructed a lofty Pagoda. There were also various Chinese lanterns. These buildings were decorated with fireworks, and at about midnight the Pagoda accidentally took fire, causing the loss of some lives. All the principal streets of the metropolis on this occasion were magnificently illuminated. A more enthusiastic national jubilee, perhaps, never elsewhere was witnessed.

The Horse Guards, guarded by mounted sentries in full uniform, is the *locale* for the transactions of all affairs connected with the War Department. The Duke of Wellington is the present commander-in-chief.

CHAPTER IV.

The Admiralty—Whitehall—The Treasury—Downing-street—Westminster Abbey—Henry VII.'s Chapel—Poets' Corner—Chapel of Edward the Confessor—Funeral of Cromwell—St. Margaret's—Old Palace Yard—Westminster Hall—its historical Associations—Courts of Law and Equity, and the Star Chamber.

PARLIAMENT-STREET and Whitehall are full of notable buildings, and still more remarkable for their historical associations. We begin with the head-quarters of the Army and Navy.

The Admiralty, built by Ripley, in the reign of George II., is on the site of a mansion called Wallingford House; it is a heavy building receding from, but communicating with, the street by advancing wings; the portico of the main building is a tasteless specimen of the Ionic order. The court is enclosed by a stone screen, decorated with naval emblems. It is here the higher departments of the business of the navy are transacted. The Lords of the Admiralty have apartments here.

Opposite the Horse Guards stands Whitehall Chapel, from one of the windows of which the unfortunate monarch Charles I. suffered decapitation. Could the walls of this ancient edifice tell the story of the doings and sayings they have witnessed, the chronicle would go a great way to fill up the mediæval history of England. From the time of the Tudors to that of the Stuarts, the names of most of the illustrious personages who have influenced the destinies of the Empire are associated with the records of this place.

It was the Palace of the Kings of England from the reign of Henry VIII. to William III. It was originally called York House, having been a residence of Cardinal Wolsey, and so named by him; it received its present designation on its transfer to the Crown. Whitehall formerly occupied an area of great extent, fronting the Thames on the east, St. James's Park on the west, and stretching from Scotland Yard on the north to Canon-row, Westminster, on the south. There was a public thoroughfare through the Palace, but the number of funerals which passed to St. Margaret's, Westminster, offending Henry VIII., he had a cemetery formed at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

The great event which distinguished Whitehall is so well known, that it seems unnecessary to do

more than merely refer to it. However, those who not need to be informed, may be reminded that here Charles I. was executed on the 30th January, 1649. The reader who has gathered his knowledge of that event from Hume—so long the most popular of English historians—might imagine that the unfortunate King passed his last days in Whitehall, and was merely brought from the interior to the outside of that edifice to suffer. Such is not the fact; the King spent the last three days of his life in St. James's Palace; and was brought from thence through the Park to Whitehall on the fatal morning, some hours before that fixed for the execution. He remained in his bed-chamber engaged in acts of devotion till the final hour arrived, when he was led along the galleries to the banquetting-house, through the wall of which a passage was broken to the scaffold. A man in a closed visor stood ready to perform the office of executioner. After the short and feeling address to the few persons who could hear him, and his affecting colloquy with good Bishop Juxon, to whom he replied, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place," the king laid his head upon the block, and the man in the visor struck it from his body at one blow. Another man in a similar disguise held it up immediately,

all dripping with blood, and exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor!"

Whitehall was formerly a residence of Cardinal Wolsey, but was surrendered to the Crown when that proud prelate lost the favor of his sovereign.

Inigo Jones, the architect to James I., projected a new palace on a magnificent scale upon the site of the present building. Had the scheme been carried out it would have been the most vast and symmetrical design ever devised. The present building, which is sometimes called the Banquetting House, presents the earliest specimen of pure Italian architecture in England. Charles I. contemplated carrying out the proposed plan of his predecessor, but only completed the decoration of the ceiling by Rubens, which cost £3,000. This Banquetting-room was converted into a chapel by George I. The whole pile was the residence of James II., but in 1698 a destructive fire consumed all but that portion which now remains. Here some of the regiments stationed in London formerly attended Divine Service. The Treasury, which extends on the opposite side of Whitehall, consists of a long line of splendid stone buildings of the Tuscan and Ionic orders. Here are the several government offices connected with the Treasury department; and here is deposited the talisman that keeps to-

gether the social fabric of the Empire. Downing-street contains the offices of the Privy Council, the Board of Trade, and the official residence of the Prime Minister. From this obscure street issue forth edicts and measures which sometimes shake the world. Downing-street, in a word, bears the same relation to the politics of the British Empire, as Lombard-street and the Bank of England do to its monetary affairs.

Passing down Parliament-street we approach that venerable pile—Westminster Abbey. This magnificent structure, although inferior in architectural splendor and symmetrical proportions to many other celebrated Cathedrals, is yet an imposing and august edifice. It is dingy—almost black, like most other buildings of London—from the prevailing smoky atmosphere of the city; yet this very blackness adds to its picturesque effect. Viewed longitudinally it appears vast in extent and height.

It was founded in the sixth century, and is said to be on the ruins of a temple of Apollo, and was restored by Edgar in 969, and re-erected by Edward the Confessor in 1065. He devoted one-tenth of his property to its erection: subsequent monarchs still further enriched the stately edifice, and Henry VII. added, at the eastern extremity,

the gorgeous chapel bearing his name. For elaborate richness of ornament, this beautiful chapel surpasses any specimen of the florid Gothic in the world.

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL.

The entire length of Westminster Abbey measures five hundred and thirty feet, length of transept two hundred and fourteen feet, and the height nearly one hundred and fifty feet. This vast mausoleum—the final resting-place of sovereigns, statesmen, poets, warriors and divines—presents an object of the most intense interest. The eastern end of the Abbey is surrounded by up-

wards of a dozen chapelries, including Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Viewed from the western or grand entrance, the scene presented is one of most imposing grandeur. The prodigious altitude of the groined roof, the magnitude of the arches, and the ærial loftiness of the vaulted aisles, all tend to impress the beholder with a feeling of religious awe and amazement. The numerous mural monuments and tombs so thickly clustered about the sacred enclosure, invest this renowned temple with rare attractions and interest.

Henry VII.'s Chapel is entered by a flight of twelve steps beneath the Oratory of Henry V.

In the centre of Henry the Seventh's chapel are the magnificently decorated shrines of the rival queens, Mary and Elizabeth, whose remains now repose peacefully side by side. As one gazes upon these mementoes of the departed, the heart is moved with sympathy for the hapless fate of the lovely and unfortunate victim of the fierce envy and ambition of her tyrannical oppressor. The stalls of this magnificent chapel are richly carved in oak; over which hang the ancient banners of the Knights of the Bath, apparently ready to crumble to pieces from age. The gorgeous fret-work of the roof, so richly carved, baffles description; the whole must be seen to be duly appreciated.

The entrance gates are of oak, overlaid with brass gilt, and wrought into various devices—the portcullis exhibiting the descent of the founder from the Beaufort family, and the crown and twisted roses the union that took place, on Henry's marriage, of the White Rose of York with the Red Rose of Lancaster. The Chapel consists of a central aisle, with five small chapels at the east end, and two side aisles, north and south; the banners and stalls appertain to the Knights of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, an order of merit next in rank in this country to the Most Noble Order of the Garter; the Knights were formerly installed in this Chapel; and the Dean of Westminster is Dean of the Order. The principal monuments in Henry VII.'s Chapel are,—Altar-tomb with effigies of Henry VII. and Queen (in the centre of the chapel), the work of Peter Torrigiano, an Italian sculptor:—Lord Bacon calls it "one of the stateliest and daintiest tombs in Europe:" the heads of the King and Queen were originally surmounted with crowns; the perpendicular enclosure or screen is of brass, and the work of an English artist. In the *south aisles* Altar-tomb, with effigy (by Torrigiano) of Margaret, Countess of Richard, mother of Henry VII., Altar-tomb with effigy of the mother of Lord

Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots. Tomb, with effigy (by Cornelius Cure) of Mary, Queen of Scots, erected by James I., who brought his mother's body from Petersborough Cathedral, and buried it here. Monument to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and his Duchess; the Duke was assassinated by Felton, in 1628; his youngest son, Francis, who was killed in the Civil Wars, and his eldest son, the second and profligate duke, are buried with their father in the vault beneath. Statue of the first wife of Sir Robert Walpole, erected by her son, Horace Walpole, the great letter-writer. In the *north aisle*—the Tomb, with an effigy (by Maximilian Coult,) of Queen Elizabeth; her sister, Mary, is buried in the same grave King James I. and Anne of Den-

mark, Henry Prince of Wales, the Queen of Bohemia, and Arabella Stuart are also buried here. Monument to George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who restored Charles II.* Sarcophagus of white marble, containing certain bones accidentally discovered (July, 1674,) in a modern chest below the stairs which formerly led to the Chapel of the White Tower, and believed to be the remains of Edward V., and his brother Richard Duke of York, murdered by order of their uncle, King Richard III. Monuments to Saville, Marquis of Halifax, the statesman and wit; to Montague, Earl of Halifax, the universal patron of the men of genius of his time.

The "Poets' Corner" is profusely studded with these shrines of genius; here may be seen monuments to the memories of Shakspeare, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Chaucer, Milton, Cowper, Gay, Blain, Goldsmith, Dryden, Addison, and hosts of other illustrious names that have adorned the brightest pages of English history.

In the vicinity may also be seen the tombs of Major André, Chatham, Halifax, Mansfield, Grattan, Canning, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Wilberforce, Howe, Warren, Wolfe, Eyre, and Sir Cloudsley Shovel; also Handel, Busby, Kemble, Kneller,

* Cunningham.

Camden, Barrow, and others too numerous to be recited here.

The monument or entablature to the memory of Major André, erected at the expense of George III., has a figure of Washington on the bas-relief. "This head," says Charles Lamb, "has on three different occasions been renewed; in consequence of the wanton mischief of some schoolboy, fired perhaps with raw notions of transatlantic freedom. The mischief was done," he adds, addressing Southey, "about the time you were a scholar there: do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?" This sly allusion to the early political sentiments of the great poet, caused a temporary cessation of friendship with the essayist.

Another Chapel (the most interesting of all), occupying the space at the back of the high altar of the Abbey, is the "Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor," or the "Chapel of the Kings," entered from the ambulatory by a temporary staircase. The centre of this chapel is taken up by the shrine of King Edward the Confessor, erected in the reign of Edward III., and richly inlaid with mosaic work: of the original Latin inscription, only a few letters remain. Henry IV. was seized with his last illness while performing his devotions at this shrine. There is the Altar-tomb, with bronze effigy,

Poet's Corner.

of Henry III., and Altar-tomb of Edward I., composed of five large slabs of marble. When this tomb was opened in 1774, the body of the king was discovered almost entire, with a crown of tin gilt upon his head, a sceptre of copper gilt in his right hand, and a sceptre and dove of the same materials in his left; and in this state he is still lying. Here are also the Altar-tombs of Eleanor, Queen of Edward I.; Edward III., and Philippa, his Queen; of Richard II. and his Queen. Altar-tomb and chantry of Henry V., the hero of Agincourt: the head of the king was of solid silver, and the figure was plated with the same metal; the head was stolen at the Reformation; the helmet, shield and saddle of the king are still to be seen on a bar above the turrets of the chantry. A gray slab, formerly adorned with a rich brass figure, covering the remains of Thomas of Woodstock; also the Altar-tomb of Elizabeth Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. The two coronation chairs, still used at the coronation of the Sovereigns of Great Britain, one containing the famous stone of Scone, on which the Scottish kings were wont to be crowned, and which Edward I. carried away with him, as an evidence of his absolute conquest of Scotland: this stone is twenty-six inches long, sixteen inches wide, and

eleven inches thick, and is fixed in the bottom of the chair by cramps of iron; it is nothing more than a piece of reddish-gray sandstone squared and smoothed; the more modern chair was made for the coronation of Mary, Queen of William III.

The funeral obsequies of Oliver Cromwell were conducted with great pomp and splendor, in Westminster Abbey, if we are to credit the chronicles of the time: "The walls were hung with two hundred and forty escutcheons; the splendid sorrows that did adorn the hearse were twenty-six large embossed shields, and twenty-four smaller, with crowns; sixty badges, with his crest; thirty-six scrolls, with mottoes; his effigy carved and superbly arrayed; a velvet pall, which contained eighty yards," etc. And to show the barbarous excesses to which party feeling carried men, not long after, the royalists rifled his grave, with rapid, demoniacal desecration. Even Evelyn, in his Diary, refers to the latter event, in the following fanatical spirit:—"This day (Jan. 30.) were the carcasses of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw (the judge who condemned his Majesty), and Ireton, son-in-law to the Usurper, dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster Abbey among the kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning to six at night, and then

buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit: thousands who had seen them in all their pride being the spectators. Look back to Nov. 22d, 1658, Cromwell's funeral, and be astonished, and fear God, and honor the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change."

Many an enchanted hour have we lingered within those cloistered aisles, listening with rapt and thrilling emotion to the solemn, swelling peals of the organ, as they reverberated among the lofty arches. Like all such edifices, Westminster Abbey is to be viewed to the greatest advantage by moonlight, or at twilight; it is then its mouldering, reverent, and dark walls, look most imposing and grand. During winter, when the afternoon service is performed in twilight, and the central enclosure devoted to the purpose is lighted by long wax tapers, the choristers, deacons and prebends, dressed in white robes, present a striking contrast with the deep shadows of the dim and lofty arches, while faint rays struggle through

> "Those storied windows richly dight,
> Shedding a dim religious light."

It is then also that the grotesque effigies and sculptured busts there present a most startling effect, as seen dimly standing out from the walls. In a word, and that a borrowed one—we may sum

up all by saying, that in visiting this magnificent pile, the eye is astonished by the "pomp of its architecture and the elaborate beauty of its sculptured detail."

It will be recollected that the coronation of the Sovereigns of England takes place within the Abbey, on which occasion it is splendidly decorated.

Not far from the Abbey stood the Sanctuary, the place of refuge absurdly granted in former times to criminals of certain denominations. The church belonging to it was in the form of a cross. It is supposed to have been the work of the Confessor. Within its precincts was born Edward V.; and here his unhappy mother took refuge with her younger son Richard, to secure him from his cruel uncle, who had already possession of the elder brother.

West of the Sanctuary stood the Eleemosynary, or Almonry, where the alms of the Abbey were distributed. But it is still more remarkable for having been the place where the first printing-press ever known in England was erected. It was in 1474, that William Caxton produced "The Game and Play of the Chesse."

The church of St. Margaret's is an unimportant building, standing under the shadow of the Abbey; but has yet its interest, if only for contain-

ing the ashes of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of the early poet Skelton, so feared for his satires in the reign of Henry VIII. The church, at first a chapel, was founded by Edward the Confessor, and rebuilt by Edward I. and Edward IV. The House of Commons assemble here previous to the opening of Parliament.

In St. Margaret's, Westminster, are also buried Caxton; the second wife of John Milton; and the mother of Oliver Cromwell.

Passing from the church of St. Margaret, we cross over to Old Palace Yard, where stands Westminster Hall, one of the most spacious Gothic structures in the world, which also formed part of a London Palace in the time of Edward the Confessor. Subsequent monarchs made their additions to this famous palace, but all that remains is the present magnificent hall, with its cloisters, which communicate with the chapel of St. Stephen's, the name still occasionally given to the House of Commons. Westminster Hall is full of chronicles of the olden times. When Peter the Great was taken into Westminster Hall, he inquired who those busy people were in wigs and black gowns. He was answered they were lawyers. "Lawyers!" said he, with a face of astonishment; "why, I have but *two* in my whole dominions, and I

believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home."

In the Hall were formerly suspended the banners taken from Charles I. at the battle of Naseby; from Charles II. at the battles of Worcester, Preston, and Dunbar; and, somewhat later, those taken at the battle of Blenheim. Here, at the upper end of the Hall, Oliver Cromwell was inaugurated as Lord Protector, sitting in a robe of purple velvet lined with ermine, on a rich cloth of state, with the gold sceptre in one hand, the Bible richly gilt and bossed in the other, and his sword at his side; and here, four years later, at the top of the Hall fronting Palace Yard, his head was set on a pole, with the skull of Ireton on one side of it and that of Bradshaw on the other. Here shameless ruffians sought employment as hired witnesses, and walked openly in the Hall with a straw in the shoe to denote their quality; and here the good, the great, the brave, the wise, and the abandoned have been brought to trial. Here (in the Hall of Rufus) Sir William Wallace was tried and condemned; here, in this very Hall, Sir Thomas More and the Protector Somerset were doomed to the scaffold. Here the notorious Earl and Countess of Somerset were tried in the reign of James I. for the murder of Sir Thomas Over-

bury. Here the great Earl of Stafford was condemned, the King being present, and the Commons sitting bareheaded all the time. Here the High Court of Justice sat which condemned King Charles I., the upper part of the Hall hung with scarlet cloth, and the King sitting covered, with the Naseby banners over his head; here Lilly, the astrologer, who was present, saw the silver top fall from the King's staff, and others heard Lady Fairfax exclaim, when her husband's name was called over, "He has more wit than to be here." Here, in the reign of James II., the Seven Bishops were acquitted. Here Dr. Sacheverel was tried and pronounced guilty by a majority of 17. Here the rebel Lords of 1745, Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, were heard and condemned. Here Lord Byron was tried for killing Mr. Chaworth. Here Warren Hastings was tried, and Burke and Sheridan grew eloquent and impassioned, while senators by birth and election, and the beauty and rank of Great Britain, sat earnest listeners and spectators of the extraordinary scene. The last public trial in the Hall itself was Lord Melville's, in 1806; and the last coronation dinner in the Hall was that of George IV., when, for the last time possibly, according to the custom maintained for ages, the King's champion (Dymocke) rode on

horseback into the Hall, in full armor, and threw down the gauntlet on the floor, challenging the world in the King's behalf. This noble Hall is 239 feet long by 68 feet broad. It is said to be the largest apartment not supported by pillars in the world, except one—the Hall of Reason, at Padua.

It was originally built in the reign of William Rufus; but the Hall, as it now exists, was erected 1367-99. Parliaments were held in this Hall; and it is a remarkable fact, that the first meeting of Parliament in the new edifice was for deposing the very King by whom it had been built. All the exterior now visible is of comparatively modern date, but its interior, with its splendid roof, presents the most imposing specimen extant of mediæval Gothic architecture.

Mr. Weale regards it as holding a similar place among mediæval structures which the Colosseum did towards those of antiquity—bearing the same relation to the Greek temples which that amphitheatre did to the Grecian ones.

The open square in front of the Hall is classic ground: in the days of King Charles the Second, here stood a handsome conduit or fountain; and near the steps leading to Westminster bridge was the "clock-tower," supposed to have been the prison of Richard Lovelace, the poet, who

was confined by the Parliament of Cromwell, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, praying for the restitution of the King to his rights. While in captivity he wrote his beautiful song to "Althea from Prison." This open space was also the scene of the infliction of the pillory; it was, however, the site of more severe punishments, and is especially rendered memorable as the place of execution of Sir Walter Raleigh. He suffered the 29th of October, 1618, in pursuance of a sentence passed, it will be recollected, fifteen years previously.

He was brought to Palace Yard at nine in the morning, as we learn from the "State Trials," and manifested during his last moments an earnest striving to die without exhibiting a sign of fear. He had suffered for some days of a fever, and lest the weakness of his body should be considered a weakness of mind, he stopped immediately he arrived on the scaffold, and addressed the persons about him, saying:—"I desire you will bear with me withal, and if I show any weakness, I beseech you to attribute it to my malady, for this is the hour in which it is wont to come." He then sat down, paused awhile, and directing his eyes towards a window where Lords Arundel, Northampton, Doncaster and some gentlemen were sitting,

he said, as if addressing them, that he thanked God that he had been brought out to die in the daylight and not in the darkness, meaning probably that he rejoiced he was not put secretly to death in the Tower. Perceiving that the lords did not hear what he said, as they were at some distance from the scaffold, he raised his voice, but Lord Arundel entreated him not to do so, as they would come to the scaffold beside him, and hear what he had to say. Space was made for them accordingly, and Sir Walter, in a firm voice, made a long speech in defence and explanation of his conduct. He then prepared himself for death, giving away his hat, his cap, and some money to such persons about him as he knew, that they should preserve them as memorials of him after he was gone. Taking leave of Lord Arundel, he requested him—so strong even in that hour was his desire to stand well in the estimation of his contemporaries and of posterity—to desire the king that no scandalous writings to defame him should be published after his death. He then said: "I have a long journey to go, and must therefore bid you farewell." Taking off his doublet and gown, he desired the executioner to show him the axe. The latter appeared to hesitate a little, upon which Raleigh said, "I prithee, let me see it! Dost thou think I am

afraid?" The man then gave it to him, and the victim felt carefully along the edge, and said to the sheriff, smiling, "This is a sharp medicine, and will cure all my diseases." He then walked to the several sides of the scaffold, and entreated the people to pray that God would give him strength. The executioner kneeling down to entreat his forgiveness, Sir Walter laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said he freely forgave him. Being asked which way he would lay his head upon the block, he answered, "So the heart be straight, it is no matter which way the head lieth." He then laid his head upon the block, his face being turned towards the east; and the executioner, throwing down his cloak lest he should spoil Sir Walter's embroidered gown, struck off his head at two blows, the body never shrinking or moving. The head was, according to the customary practice, shown at both sides of the scaffold, and put into a red leather bag. His wrought velvet gown was thrown over it, and it was carried away in a mourning-coach to his disconsolate widow—to her to whom he addressed such affecting letters from the Tower—and placed, with his body, in St. Margaret's.

Westminster Hall, for many ages the principal seat of the courts of law, was originally used by

William Rufus as the banquetting hall of his adjoining palace. His subjects were sorely taxed for this and other expenses. He often kept his Christmas here in great state, according to the fashion of the Norman Princes. St. Stephen's Chapel was founded in 1150; which, in the reign of Edward VI., was first used as the hall of British legislature. From this time the ancient palace of Westminster passed from being a royal residence to the double purpose of a seat of legislature and of judicature.

The old Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in 1834. We well remember the magnificent appearance which Westminster Abbey presented illuminated by the blazing pile. The interior of Westminster Hall was, until the middle of the last century, or later, filled with shops and stalls, principally of booksellers.

The several Courts of Law and Equity are within the precints of Westminster Hall. They include the Court of Exchequer, the Court of Common Pleas, and the Court of Queen's Bench. This latter took its name from the early custom (in vogue with the Saxons and Normans) of the sovereign presiding in person to adjudicate causes.

The Star-Chamber formed a part of the mass of buildings included in Westminster Hall and the House of Legislature. "The name of this court of

justice," says Pennant, "so tremendous in the Tudor and part of the Stuart reign, was not taken from the stars with which its roof is said to have been painted (which were obliterated even before the reign of Queen Elizabeth), but from the *Starra* or Jewish covenants, which were deposited there by order of Richard I., in chests under three locks. No *starr* was allowed to be valid except found in those repositories, where they remained till the banishment of the Jews by Edward I. In the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. a new modelled court was erected here, consisting of divers lords, spiritual and temporal, with two judges of the courts of Common Law, without the intervention of a jury. The powers of this court were so abused, that it was abolished altogether by the House of Commons in the sixteenth year of the reign of Charles I.

CHAPTER V.

The new Houses of Parliament—Interior View—Vauxhall—Lambeth Palace —Lollards' Tower—Westminster Bridge—King-street—Sir Robert Peel's House—Charing Cross—Equestrian Statue of Charles I.—Statue of George III.—Scotland Yard—British Institution—The National Gallery — Northumberland House — Craven-street — Norfolk-street — Denham House—The Adelphi—Salisbury-street—The Savoy—Waterloo Bridge —Burleigh House.

THE NEW Palace of Westminster next claims our attention. This immense and splendid pile of Gothic buildings presents one of the most triumphant examples of modern art. The style of architecture is that of Henry the Eighth, from the design of Barry. From whatever position this sumptuous edifice is viewed, it presents a most imposing spectacle.

The eye is dazzled with the profusion of its gorgeous decorations, and baffled in the attempt of measuring its vast dimensions. It presents the grandest aspect as seen from the river Thames. Its numerous pinnacles, and its rich Gothic fretwork, admirably comport with its several elegant and lofty turrets and towers. A palace of such extent as eight acres is naturally expected to afford, and upon the construction of which such vast sums

The New Houses of Parliament.

have been expended, may well be expected to become the boast of the British Empire. Some idea of the magnitude of this national edifice may be formed when it is stated that the Palace to the eastward presents a frontage of nearly one thousand feet. The two legislative chambers—those of the Lords and Commons—are placed in the centre of the building, its other portions being occupied as porches, committee rooms, etc. The general public entrance is through Westminster Hall, up a flight of steps at its south end, into a square vaulted vestibule called St. Stephen's Porch, thence into the octagonal hall to the centre of the edifice. In this vicinity are long corridors and lobbies that connect the House of Peers with the House of Commons. These splendid approaches occupy altogether about fifteen times the capacity of either house. The royal entrance (from the great tower at the south-west corner,) includes the Robing Room and other splendid apartments. One of the galleries measures 110 feet long. The interior of the House of Lords is very superb. It is (if not intrinsically, at least effectively) the richest chamber erected since the fall of the mediæval church architecture; a splendid effect being produced by gilding all the mouldings, (which include the whole of the stone and most of the wood work,) and covering the re-

maining surfaces with minute colored patterns. The House is nearly an exact double cube of 45 feet; the ceiling is divided by crossing beams into eighteen squares, corresponding to the arched compartments of the walls, which are all similar, except that the six on each side are occupied by windows with colored devices, and the three at each end by frescoes, a species of painting now first attempted in England. These frescoes illustrate important events in English history. The throne is magnificently fitted up with tapestry superbly embroidered.

The general effect on entering is gorgeous in the extreme: such a blaze of gilding, carvings, and colored decorations is not to be elsewhere found in England; whilst the noble proportions of the apartment, the elaborately carved panels, and the brilliant colors which meet the eye on every side, contribute to produce a *coup-d'-œil* at once startling and beautiful. At the upper end is the throne, which her Majesty occupies on state occasions; to the right is a chair for the Prince of Wales; and to the left a corresponding one for Prince Albert. The Lord Chancellor sits immediately below the throne, on what is called the wool-sack; and to the right and left are benches, covered with red morocco leather, for the exclusive use of the peers. There is a bar across the House at the end opposite

the throne, without which the Usher of the Black Rod is stationed. The House of Commons is very beautiful, though less ornate. A wondrous pile is this Palace of Westminster, which seems to stand in proud rivalry with the ancient and majestic structure in its immediate vicinity—Westminster Abbey.

Prior to the erection of the present Houses of Parliament, the House of Lords formerly stood to the south of that of the Commons. The Commons first convened in what was called St. Stephen's Chapel, during the reign of Edward VI. The old House of Lords was a plain room hung with tapestry representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada; and there was an apartment close to it called the Painted Chamber, in which both Houses of Parliament held their conferences. Under the old House of Lords there was a cellar called the cellar of Guy Fawkes, because the gunpowder prepared for the destruction of the Lords and Commons was placed within it. The old Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in 1834.

The Victoria Tower reaches to 340 feet in height. What St. Peter's is to old Rome, the new Palace of Westminster is to old England, the exponent of her wealth, taste, and skill.

Crossing Vauxhall Bridge, the first object of in-

terest that arrests our attention is Vauxhall. Vauxhall, or, as it was originally called, Fulkes' Hall, is supposed to have descended from a distinguished Norman warrior in the reign of King John, who occupied and owned a manor on this site. During the Protectorate, the mansion was occupied by the well-known mechanical genius, Sir Samuel Morland. It was also at Vauxhall that the gay and gallant Duke of Monmouth, after his defeat at the battle of Sedgmoor, was met by a guard of soldiers, who conducted him to the Tower. The modern name of Vauxhall is associated with the gaieties of fashionable amusement: it is also rendered classic by the genius of Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, Madame D'Arblay, and others. The glories of this place of resort have not yet passed away. It is beautifully laid out with shady vistas, lighted by a thousand variegated lamps, with sparkling fountains, and the joyous sounds of music and song. Evelyn, Pepys, and others refer to these celebrated gardens. Green, the æronaut, it will be remembered, has made numerous ascents from this place. We recollect Vauxhall sandwiches were the thinnest we ever saw or tasted; it was the practice here, also, never to give change for any refreshments you might purchase at those far-famed gardens.

The ancient manor of Lambeth, even in its earliest associations, is replete with interest. It dates back about eight centuries, and has been the Archi-

episcopal See since the eleventh century. The expense of its erection was imposed by the Pope upon Archbishop Boniface, as a punishment for an offence he had committed against His Holiness. The Lollards' Tower is rife with the melancholy story of the suffering followers of Wickliffe. The great hall is beautifully decorated, and there is a noble collection of rare books: this library was founded in 1610. It contains upwards of 25,000 volumes, some of which are very choice. Monuments of Arch-

bishop Laud, Parker, Latimer, Cranmer, etc., are here. Many celebrated councils were held at Lambeth Palace. The much admired Hall was built by Bishop Juxon, in 1662. Lambeth Palace was the ancient residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. At the top of one of its towers is the prison in which the Lollards were confined.

The original building, erected in 1191, was first intended for a college of canons; but, as the Pope refused his consent to its establishment, it was converted into an archiepiscopal palace, and has ever since been the town residence of the primate of all England. Great additions were made to it about 1250, and in the fifteenth century Archbishop Chichele built a square stone tower towards the river, called the Lollards' Tower. Subsequent additions were made by Cranmer, Pole, Parker, Juxon, Sancroft, and Tillotson; but the whole, as seen from the outside, is a very dull-looking brick structure, little interesting except from its antiquity. The additions, completed in 1833, at a cost of nearly 80,000*l*., are executed in better taste.

The Lollards, a sect of liberal opinions, grew out of a schism in the Romish Church, which took its rise about the middle of the 14th century. As early as 1322, one Walter Lollard is said to have suffered martyrdom at Cologne, for similar heretical

The Hall of Lambeth Palace.

opinions. Fierce persecutions pursued the Lollards; the first victim was Sawtre, Rector of Lynn, in Norfolk. He was burned in Smithfield, 1401. In 1413, happened the ill-judged and fatal rising of the Lollards under Sir John Oldcastle. They were speedily overthrown, and the grievous spectacle of the stake and the faggot was the frequent result. The Lollards' Tower, the stronghold of tyranny and persecution, was used for the incarceration of these unfortunate victims of Romish bigotry.

Returning over Westminster Bridge, we shall have to retrace our steps in passing up to the Strand and its vicinity. Instead, however, of going through Parliament-street, let us take a dingy, dirty, narrow lane running parallel, a little to the west. It is called King-street, and through this same thoroughfare were performed the royal progresses of the dainty Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., to the Parliament House. Oliver Cromwell and "his iron band" trudged through the same street. Cromwell, indeed, once lived in it, as is seen by the following extracts from the newspapers of the time.

Referring to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, continues the writer:

"This afternoone, when the House was rising, and had adjourned untill the Thursday following, Cromwell did take his

leave of Master Speaker and all the members then present, and taking horse at his house in King-street, he advanced towards Windsor, it being his way towards *Ireland*, attended with a retinue of gallant men for his life-guard; the trumpets sounding all the way as they marched through the streets."*

"This evening, about five of the clock, (July 10,) the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey, by the way of Windsore, and so to Bristol; he went forth in that state and equipage as the like has hardly been seen; himselfe in a coach of six gallant Flanders' mares, whitish-grey, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life-gaurd consisting of 80 gallant men, the meanest whereof a commander or esquire in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his life-gaurd many are collonels, and believe it, it's such a gaurd as is hardly to be parallel'd in the world. The Lieutenant's colors are white and blue." †

The following passage from Ben Jonson's conversations with Drummond will speak for itself:—

"The Irish having rob'd Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped; and after, he died for lake of bread in King street, and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said He was sorrie he had no time to spend them."

In King Street, Westminster, lived Lord Howard of Effingham, the great Lord Admiral against the Armada in Queen Elizabeth's time. Spenser, the poet, also resided in this street.

As we emerge from this obscure street, we catch

* Mercurius Pragmatisus, July, 1649.

† Moderate Intelligencer, Ibid.

House of Sir Robert Peel.

a glimpse on the left of the well known mansion of the great Sir Robert Peel; celebrated for its choice gallery of paintings.

The name Charing-Cross is believed to be a corruption of *Chère Reyne.* The spot is said to have been classic since the days of Edward I., who erected a cross to the memory of his Queen Eleanor, whose body rested here on the journey from Lincolnshire to the Abbey of Westminster, where it received funeral honors.

At this early period, Charing was a rural hamlet, on the highway between London and Westminster, consisting of no more than a dozen houses, or hovels. The associations of the statue which, in the following century, succeeded to the site of the cross, are generally of a painful character; but there is one noticeable exception. The exceedingly expressive and beautiful piece of sculpture, which represents Charles I. (the earliest equestrian public statue in London, by the way,) may be looked upon as a happy memorial of one of the most enlightened and munificent patrons of art England has known. This was cast, in 1633, for the Earl of Arundel, the famous collector, and to whom Charles is said to have been materially indebted for his artistical taste. The subsequent history of the statue is very curious. During the

civil wars it was sold to a brazier in Holborn, of the name of John River, with orders to break it in pieces; the brazier, however, was too much of a loyalist, or too much an admirer of art, which is the more likely, as the statue would hardly have been sold to a known favorer of the royal cause, or, which is likeliest of all, had too keen a perception of its pecuniary value at some future time, to obey his orders; so he buried it, and satisfied the officers of government by showing them some broken pieces of metal. That our "worthy brazier," as he has been called, was not overburdened with any very strict principles of honesty we know from an amusing anecdote related by M. d'Archenholz, who says he cast a vast number of handles of knives and forks in brass, which he sold as made of the broken statue. They were bought with great eagerness by both parties—by the loyalists as a mark of affection to their monarch, and by the republicans as a memorial of their triumph.* At the Restoration the statue was, of course, restored too. And, as a preliminary, a libation of blood was poured forth, as if to wash away the memory of its temporary degradation. Here, in the reign of Charles II., were executed Harrison, Scrope, Colonel Jones, Hugh Peters, Chaplain of Oliver

* Cunningham.

Cromwell, and others of those extraordinary men, who, in welcoming a bloody death, gave the last undoubted proofs that they were real patriots as well as bigots; and, to mark beyond the possibility of mistake the thirst for vengeance from which the act sprang, the executioners, inspirited by the presence of the king at a short distance, and fulfilling, no doubt, the orders given to them, actually revelled in cruelty, adding tortures that not even the execrable terms of the sentence could be supposed to include. When Coke was cut down and brought to be quartered, one Colonel Turner called to the sheriff's men, to bring Mr. Peters to see what was doing; which being done, the executioner came to him, and rubbing his bloody hands together, asked him, "how he liked that work?" The answer of the brave and high-principled man was simply that he was not at all terrified, and that he might do his worst. And when he was upon the ladder, he said to the sheriff, "Sir, you have butchered one of the servants of God before my eyes, and have forced me to see it, in order to terrify and discourage me, but God has permitted it for my support and encouragement." These were not very attractive reminiscences to be connected with any statue, and the matter was still worse when the relation was so intimate as between the events

and the individual represented by the particular statue in question. For the time, at least, it ceased to be looked upon as anything but a party memorial, and it was treated accordingly.

Sir Harry Vane, the younger; Isaac Barrow, the divine; Rhodes, the bookseller, resided in the immediate vicinity.

The birth-place of Ben Jonson is generally supposed to have been in Hartshorn Lane, Charing Cross.

In Scotland Yard, Whitehall, lived Milton, in Cromwell's time. Here also lived Inigo Jones; here died his successor, Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's Hill; here lived Sir Christopher Wren; and here, in a fantastic house, immortalized by Swift in some ludicrous lines, lived Sir John Vanbrugh.

This vicinity was so called, it is said, after the kings of Scotland and their ambassadors, who were occasionally lodged there.

In Cockspur street, near Pall Mall East, stands the equestrian statue of George III.—the pious but pertinacious potentate who persisted in the coercive taxation of his American Colonies till he lost them. At the corner of Suffolk-street are two societies of British Painters and Sculptors. The Royal College of Physicians is situated opposite St.

Martin's Church, which was erected about 1721, and has a beautiful portico which is an object of universal admiration. The interior of the church is very splendid, and is admirably constructed, both as to convenience and adaptation for sound.

In the churchyard of St. Martin's the following eminent persons have been buried: Sir John Davys, the poet; Dobson, called the English Van Dyck; Stanley, the editor of Æschylus; Nell Gwynne; Hon. Robert Boyle, the philosopher; Roubiliac, the sculptor; John Hunter, the surgeon; James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." The register records the baptism of Lord Bacon, who was born, in 1561, in York House, in the Strand, on the site of Buckingham-street.

British Institution, No. 33 Pall Mall, established in 1805, on a plan formed by Sir Thomas Bernard, for the purpose of encouraging British Artists, and affording opportunities of exhibiting historical subjects to a greater advantage than in the rooms of the Royal Academy, then exhibited at Somerset House. The gallery purchased for its use was erected by Alderman Boydell, for the exhibition of paintings for his edition of Shakspeare, and it is well suited for its present purpose. Over the entrance is a piece of sculpture, by Banks, re-

presenting Shakspeare accompanied by Painting and Poetry.

The National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, was erected in 1837, from designs by Mr. Wilkins. The gallery, which is nearly five hundred feet in length, consists of a central portico of eight Corinthian columns in front and two in depth, ascended by steps at each end at an elevation of eighteen feet from the ground, and two wings, each ornamented with four Corinthian columns. The portico is surmounted by a dome, and the whole range of edifice by a balustrade. The portion of the building to the right side of the portico is devoted to the Royal Academy, and that to the left to the National Gallery, the two being connected by the grand staircase and vestibule, dividing it into two equal parts. The Gallery originated in the purchase by Government, in 1824, of Mr. Angerstein's collection of thirty-eight pictures for £57,000. In 1826, Sir George Beaumont made a formal gift of sixteen pictures, valued at the time at 7500 guineas. Important bequests by the Rev. W. Holwell Carr, Lord Farnborough and others, and additional purchases by Government, have brought the collection, in less than a quarter of a century, to two hundred and twenty-eight pictures, independently of Vernon's noble gift of one hundred and

sixty works of the English school. Paintings by most of the great names in art grace this superb collection.

This celebrated donation is placed in a suite of rooms in Marlborough House, Pall Mall. These pictures, which are exclusively of the English school, are to be hereafter assigned a suitable position in some of the apartments of the National Gallery. By the way, a new Gallery of Art is being projected. Hyde Park is suggested as its *locale.*

From Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar Square, may be seen the Nelson Monument, the statues, fountains, the fine portico of the National Gallery, St. Martin's Church, Northumberland House, etc.

The north side of the entrance to the Strand lay open to the fields, to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and Covent Garden, as late as the reign of Charles I.

Northumberland House, Charing Cross, is one of the most magnificent town mansions of the nobility, and is a fine specimen of the architecture of the time of James I.; it was built by Bernard Jansen, a Flemish architect. The lion on the central parapet is the crest of the Percies. This magnificent edifice contains one hundred and fifty apartments, and a spacious gallery of rare paintings. All that is old of the present building is the portal towards the

Strand; but even of this there is a good deal that is new. The house is massively furnished and in good taste. The staircase is stately; the Pompeian room most elegant, and the state Drawing-room, with its ten lights to the east, and its noble copies after Raphael, very magnificent—a room, it is said, not to be matched in London. Many of the fire-places, fenders, and fire-irons are of silver. The large Sèvres vase in the centre of the great room was presented by Charles X., at his coronation in 1825, to the Duke of Northumberland, then representative of Great Britain at the French court.

We now leave Northumberland House, and wend our course eastward, through what old Stowe calls "a way or street of shops, theatres and insurance offices,"—the Strand. The thoroughfare is singularly rich in memories of the past. This was, in Elizabethan days, a suburban and somewhat aristocratic retreat. "Anciently," says Selden, "the noblemen lay within the city for safety and security, but the Bishops' houses were by the water side, because they were sacred persons whom nobody would hurt." As many as nine of these priestly dignitaries possessed "inns" or "hostels" on the Strand, near the banks of the river, at the time of the Reformation. Passing Hungerford-Market we approach the site of old York

House: the spot is now known by the name of York-buildings. In 1698 Peter the Great lived "in a large house at the bottom of York-buildings:" and 1708 the Earl of Oxford. Samuel Pepys, brother of the historian, also resided here. The great Lord Bacon, the son of the Archbishop of York, was born at this house. York House and estate were assured by Act of Parliament, in 1624, to the Crown, and subsequently granted to the Duke of Buckingham. The Duke employed Inigo Jones to rebuild a great part of it in a style of much magnificence. The Duke lived here in the most expensive manner, till his assassination by Felton, when it became the property of his son. The York Stairs, or Water Gate, at the bottom of Buckingham-street, will give some idea of the beauty of the building, of which this is now the sole remnant. This gate has been universally admired, and pronounced to be the most perfect piece of building that does honor to the name of Inigo Jones. It is planned in so exquisite a taste, formed of such equal and harmonious parts, and adorned with such appropriate decorations, that nothing seems to be required.

Here resided Sir Harry Vane, Lilly the astrologer, and Jacob Tonson and Andrew Millar, the booksellers and publishers.

Craven-street, leading towards the river, merits honorable mention as having been the abode of Benjamin Franklin; he dwelt at the house No. 7 in this street. James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Adresses," resided in this street, at No. 27. He died here in 1839. King William-street and the Lowther Arcade, on the north side of the Strand, deserve a passing notice as improved specimens of street architecure.

At the south-west corner of Norfolk-street resided the celebrated William Penn. At twenty years of age he presented himself to his astonished parent, the Admiral, in Quaker guise, and saluted him: "Friend Penn, how dost thee do?" Much contention ensued concerning the broad-brim. In this house afterwards lived another descendant of the Quakers,—the renowned antiquary Dr. Birch. In the same street also dwelt for more than thirty years Dr. Brocklesby, the friend and physician of Johnson.

Opposite King William-street formerly stood Denham House. Here many noble personages lived; among the number the hapless Lady Jane Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh. In "Aubrey's Letters" may be found the following description of Sir Walter's apartments:

"After he came to his greatnes he lived there, or in some

apartments of it. I well remember his study, which was on a little turret, that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect, which is as pleasant, perhaps, as any in the world, and which not only refreshes the eye-sight, but cheers the spirits, and (to speak my mind,) I believe enlarges an ingenious man's thoughts."

The present range of buildings called the Adelphi now occupies the site of Denham House. When the Adelphi buildings were begun in 1768, the Court and City were in direct opposition, and the citizens were glad, in any little way in their power, to show their hostility to the Court. The Brothers Adam were patronized by the King, and having in their Adelphi buildings encroached, it was thought, too far upon the Thames, and thus interfered with the rights of the Lord Mayor as Conservator of the river, the citizens applied to Parliament for protection. The feeling was in favor of the Court and of the new improvements, and the citizens lost their cause.

David Garrick resided, in great style, in the centre house, No. 5, of Adelphi-terrace, from 1772 till his death, in 1779. In Osborne's Hotel, in John Street, Adelphi, the King of the Sandwich Islands resided while on a visit to the country, in the reign of George IV. The popular song, "The King of the Cannibal Islands," was written at this time. It was on one occasion when

walking along Adelphi-terrace that Johnson, in the last year of his life, accompanied by his faithful Boswell, and in reply to the remark that they had lost two friends who once lived there—Beauclerk and Garrick tenderly replied, "Ay, Sir, and two such friends as cannot be supplied."

Salisbury-street stands on the site of Salisbury House, the residence of Sir Robert Cecil, the minister of Elizabeth. The famous astrological almanack-maker, Partridge, facetiously referred to by Swift under the name of Bickerstaff, lived in this street. Partridge, in a great rage, once knocked a man down, opposite his own door, for crying about the town an account of his death. The report, he assured every one, was false, and he convinced the fabricator of it with most *striking* effect; but it proved fatal to his almanack.

A little beyond Salisbury-street lodged old Thomas Parr when he came to London to be exhibited as a rare specimen of longevity to Charles I.

A little to the east, on the river side of the Strand, stood the ancient palace of the Savoy, one of the most imposing of the old buildings on the banks of the Thames. The Chapel attached to it is all that remains to indicate the spot.

The original palace was built in the Strand, near the Thames, by the Earl of Savoy and Rich-

mond, uncle of Queen Eleanor, who was the wife of Henry III. King John of France was confined in the Savoy in the year 1356, after the battle of Poictiers. Twenty-five years after this, it was destroyed by Wat Tyler and his fellow rebels, in 1381. It was afterwards rebuilt and endowed by King Henry VII. as a hospital for one hundred poor people. Fleetwood describes the Savoy in 1581 as "the chief nurserie of evil people, rogues and masterless men." King Charles I. established a French church there.

In 1666 it was used as a hospital for the sick and wounded, in the great Dutch War.

Strype says, in 1750, "this Savoy House is now in a ruinous condition. In the midst of its buildings is a very spacious hall, the walls three feet thick, of stone without and stone and brick within." The Savoy was once a house of refuge for poor debtors when pursued by their creditors. A paragraph in the London Postman of 1696, says, "a person going into the Savoy to collect a debt due him was seized by the inhabitants, and *according to usual custom*, dipped in tar and rolled in feathers;" after this novel administration of justice, the unlucky creditor who had the temerity to go in quest of his debtor was put into a wheel-barrow and trundled into the Strand,

where he was dumped upon the pavement. This was paying a premium to roguery with a vengeance.

The meetings at the Restoration of Charles II. of the commissioners for the revision of the Liturgy took place in the Savoy, twelve bishops appearing for the Established Church, and Calamy, Baxter, Reynolds, and others, for the Presbyterians. This was called "*The Savoy Conference*," and under that name has become matter of English history. Fuller, author of "The English Worthies," was at this time lecturer at the Savoy, and Cowley, the poet, a candidate at Court for the office of master.

The next street we meet on our journey eastward is Wellington-street, which leads to Waterloo Bridge. Waterloo Bridge, one of the noblest of the seven or eight that breast what Spencer calls "the silver-streaming Thames," was built in 1817. It is of granite, and has nine semi-elliptical arches, each 120 feet span; the entire length of the bridge from the ends of the abutments is 1380 feet. The bridge is on a level with the Strand, and of one uniform level throughout. It affords a noble view of Somerset-House. The toll charged is a halfpenny each person each way, and the receipts from foot-passengers in a half-year of 1850

was £4676 17*s.* 11*d.*, received from 2,244,910 persons, so that in only six months the population of London may be said to pay for passing over. Canova is said to have declared it to be the finest work of modern times: and that "it was worth a visit from the remotest corner of the earth." M. Dupin characterised it as "a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars."

The poets Denham and Pope have sung the praises of the Thames, and Wordsworth's famous sonnet, composed upon one of its bridges, the reader perchance may be curious to see. It is as follows:

"Earth has not anything to show more fair:—
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning;—silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock or hill,
Ne'er saw, ne'er felt, a calm so deep.
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty host is lying still!"

Facing Wellington-street formerly stood "Old Exeter 'Change," Burleigh-street now occupies its

site. It was in an upper room of Exeter 'Change that the mortal remains of the poet Gay lay in state. The house remained in possession of the Crown until Queen Elizabeth granted it to Sir William Cecil, Lord Treasurer, who rebuilt it, when it was called Burleigh House. Here the haughty Queen once visited Lord Burleigh.

On the opposite side of the Strand formerly stood Exeter House, the residence of the great Lord Burleigh. A portion of the building was standing till within the past twenty years. It was known as the Old Exeter 'Change, and used as a menagerie. Exeter Hall, a spacious building used for concerts and religious meetings, has been erected upon a portion of this site. The Hall is a noble apartment measuring one hundred and thirty-six feet in length by nearly eighty in width; it has the most magnificent organ in London.

CHAPTER VI.

Bow-street—Covent Garden—Anecdote of Dryden and Tonson—St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden—The Garrick Club—Will's Coffee House and others—Somerset House—King's College—St. Clement Dane's—Lincoln's Inn Square—Lincoln's Inn Fields—Execution of Lord William Russell—The Soane Museum—Franklin's Printing Office—Gray's Inn—Temple Bar—Ancient Custom of Closing the Gates—Booksellers of early Times—Dr. Johnson's Residences—Child's Banking House.

SO THICKLY clustered are the historical memories of this part of the city, that we are puzzled which route to prefer; our course for a while must therefore be a little out of the direct line.

To the north of the Strand, and not far distant, is Bow-street, which, according to Strype, was so named from "its running in shape of a bent bow." Modern improvements, however, have deprived it of this characteristic feature. Bow-street is famous as having been the *locale* of Fielding, the novelist; Johnson lived in this street for a short time; and Waller, the poet, also resided here when he wrote his famous panegyric upon Cromwell; it was in this same street, also, that Sir

Roger de Coverley, according to the Spectator, lived. Here, likewise, in 1661, was born the celebrated statesman, the Earl of Oxford; Wycherly, the dramatist; Gibbons, the sculptor; and the Earl of Dorset.

Covent Garden, which is in the immediate vicinity, took its name from having been an enclosed garden attached to the Convent belonging to the Abbots of Westminster, in the days of the Protector Somerset. The estate was afterwards transferred to the Bedford family. The Bedford Coffee House, under the Piazza, was frequented by Garrick, Foote, Murphy, and others.

Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, had a house in Bow-street, in which he drove some of his hardest bargains with Dryden. The bookseller was a Whig, the poet a Tory, and it suited the pecuniary interests of the former that Dryden's forthcoming translation of Virgil should be dedicated to King William. The author would not consent, although Tonson, in furtherance of his own views, had directed the engraver employed upon the illustrations of the work, "to aggravate," as Sir Walter Scott pleasantly expresses it, "the nose of Æneas in the plates into a sufficient resemblance to the hooked promontory on the king's countenance." Dryden still held out, for though in want of

money he had a conscience. Tonson considering, like other tradesmen, that this was very presumptuous in a man who lacked ten guineas, stopped the supplies to bring him to reason. Still the poet remained conscientious; and, failing to induce Tonson to accommodate him by fair means with the money he needed, he sent him the following verses to his house in Bow-street, as a poetical portrait of a shabby bookseller:—

"With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs and Judas-colored hair,
And frouzy pores that taint the ambient air."

"And tell the dog, when you deliver it," said Dryden to his messenger, "that the man who wrote these lines can write more!" The money was paid immediately.

St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, was in its day pronounced a marvel of architectural skill, but its claim to this distinction has long since been denied. Here repose the ashes of several distinguished individuals, Sir Henry Herbert; Armstrong, the poet; Wycherley, the dramatist; Butler, the author of "Hudibras;" Sir Peter Lely, the painter; Macklin, the comedian; and Dr. Walcot. In King-street, Covent Garden, at No. 35, the Garrick Club used to hold its meetings; and in a dark obscure alley, named Rose-street, lived Samuel Butler, and

here i is believed he breathed his last. Sheridan lived in Bedford Street, leading to the Strand; here also resided the Earl of Chesterfield.

One of the most celebrated rendezvous of the literati of the last century was Will's Coffee-house, No. 23, on the north side of Great Russell-street, Covent Garden, at the end of Bow-street. This was the favorite resort of Dryden, who had here his own chair, in winter by the fire-side, in summer in the balcony; the company met in the first floor, and there smoked; and the young beaux and wits were sometimes honored with a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. Will's was the resort of men of genius till 1710. At No. 8 Great Russell-street, Davis the bookseller lived. It was here that Johnson, who made frequent visits to this worthy bibliopole, was first introduced to Boswell.

Tom's, No. 17, Great Russell-street, had nearly 700 subscribers, at a guinea a-head, from 1764 to 1768, and had its card, conversation, and coffee-rooms, where assembled Johnson, Garrick, Murphy, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Foote, and other celebrities: the tables and books of the club are, we believe, yet preserved in the house. Button's, "over against" Tom's, was the receiving house for contributions to the "Guardian," in a lion-head box, the aperture for which remains in the wall to mark the

place. Button had been servant to Lady Warwick, whom Addison married; and the house was frequented by Pope, Steele, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Addison. The lion's head for a letter-box, the "best head in England," was set up in imitation of the celebrated lion at Venice: it was removed from Button's to the Shakspeare's Head, under the Arcade in Covent Garden; and, in 1751, was placed in the Bedford, next door. In York-street, Covent Garden, may be seen the celebrated book-establishment of Henry G. Bohn, who is supposed to possess the largest collection of costly illustrated works in England.

Returning to the Strand we approach Somerset House, nearly opposite which is Drury Court, formerly Little Drury-lane, and once the only avenue to the theatre. This black and dirty passage in former times conducted to a road by the side of Craven House, and other princely mansions, to St. Giles's-in-the-Fields and the country. The road was lined by hedges, and partially overshadowed by trees. A little beyond this court is Catherine-street, which takes its name from Catherine of Braganza, the queen of Charles II. Here, in the reign of Edward VI., a stream of water ran to the Thames, over which was a bridge, called Strand Bridge. Brydges-street, which is a continuation of Cathe-

rine-street, built about 1637, was named after George Brydges Lord Chandos.

Somerset House occupies the site of a princely mansion, built by Somerset, the Protector, brother of Lady Jane Seymour. He had not long occupied it, when he was taken to the scaffold: it afterwards became the property of the Crown, and was a royal residence during the reigns of Elizabeth and Charles II. The present building is in the form of a quadrangle: it was completed in 1786. As seen from the opposite side of the river, or from the adjacent bridges, the appearance of this vast range of buildings is very imposing: it presents, indeed, one of the noblest façades in London. There are no less than 3,600 windows in Somerset House, a sufficient proof of its vast magnitude. There are about nine hundred government officials regularly employed in the several departments of the Stamp Office, Excise, Taxes, Revenue, etc. The Strand front is devoted to several learned societies and schools of art. Under the vestibule is a fine bust of Sir Isaac Newton. Herschell, Watt, Davy, Hallam, Reynolds, Wollaston, Walpole and others distinguished in arts and letters, have convened within these apartments; it was in the rooms of the Royal Academy that the last and best of Reynolds's discourses were delivered. Many notable person-

Somerset House.

ages figure historically in the records of old Somerset House: but we cannot particularize, saving that Inigo Jones breathed his last in some apartment of the building, and that the body of Cromwell was laid in state in the great hall, his escutcheon being then placed over the entrance gate.

King's College, a little to the eastward, was built in 1831. The writer was present on the occasion of its opening, when Dr. Lardner delivered his inaugural address on natural philosophy. He exhibited his splendid new apparatus, and charmed his audience with one of the most masterly discourses on elementary science ever pronounced. This noble edifice covers an extensive area and is approached through a semi-circular archway from the Strand. The college measures three hundred and four feet in length; in the centre is a spacious chapel, beneath which is a hall for examination and lecture rooms, library and museum.

Pursuing our way eastward St. Clement Dane's is the next object worthy of note. It stands in the centre of the street, and is rather an imposing looking structure. This church is so styled, it is supposed, in consequence of a massacre of the Danes, which took place in this vicinity; or because Harold Harefoot was buried there. It was built by Alfred the Great. The name St Clement probably

took its rise from Pope Clement III., the friend of the Templars, to whom the church belonged. It was rebuilt under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren. Dr. Johnson used to attend Divine Service at this church, and there has recently been a tablet to this effect over the pew he used to occupy. The chimes may still be heard at midnight, as Falstaff describes having heard them with Justice Shallow.

Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist, is buried in the churchyard of St. Clement's. Here also repose the remains of Joe Miller, whose name has been so long a byeword for bad jokes.

Lincoln's Inn Square, which is approached through Portugal-street, dates back to the age of Elizabeth. On the south side of the Square lived many eminent jurists: Erskine, Mansfield, Camden and others. The High Court of Chancery is close by, where the judicial wisdom, and profound erudition of Chancellors Guildford, Thurlow, Eldon, Lyndhurst and Brougham, astounded and delighted the legal profession. We well remember dropping in here occasionally to listen to the eloquence of Brougham, and how we were amused with the ludicrous exhibition of his Lordship's nose, as it nervously worked when in the heat of argument. The Chapel adjoining has nothing very remarkable save the record of an *honest lawyer*. His name was Sir

John Strange, and the inscription said to have been on his monument as follows :

"Here lies an honest lawyer—that is Strange!"

The large house at the north-west corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields is said to have been where Ben Jonson once worked as a bricklayer, with a trowel in one hand and a *Homer* in the other. The story, however, savors more of fable than fact. This mansion was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the Duke of Newcastle.

Lincoln's Inn boasts of the following eminent students :—Sir Thomas More; Lord Keeper Egerton; Dr. Donne; Oliver Cromwell; Sir Matthew Hale; Sir John Denham; Lords Mansfield and Erskine; Lyndhurst, and Brougham.

Lincoln's Inn Fields was the memorable site of the execution of the noble patriot Lord William Russell. On his way from Newgate, turning into Little Queen Street, it is said he shed tears at the remembrance of his heroic wife, and remarked to the Dean of Canterbury, "I have often turned to the other hand (towards his own house) with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater." Tillotson accompanied him in the coach to the fatal scaffold; the details of his execution are among the sad recitals of English history.

On the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields is the house of Sir John Soane, the architect of the Bank of England. The Soane Museum contains many curiosities, among them the Sarcophagus, discovered by Belzoni in 1816, in a tomb in Egyyt. It is formed of one single piece of alabaster more than nine feet long, covered with hieroglyphics. When a lamp is placed within it it becomes transparent, although nearly three inches thick. On the interior of the bottom is a full-length figure, representing the Egyptian Isis, the guardian of the dead. It was purchased by Soane for £2000. Sir Gardner Wilkinson considers that it is a cenotaph rather than a sarcophagus, and the name inscribed to be that of Osiris, father of Ramases the Great.

Here also may be seen the first four editions in folio of Shakspeare: and a copy of Pennant's London, profusely illustrated, which cost £650.

Duke-street, leading out of Lincoln's Inn Fields, will be especially interesting to the American tourist as the scene of the early career of Benjamin Franklin. It was here he worked as a journeyman printer to the close of his stay in England. The reader will well remember his own relation of the frugal meal and humble apartment which contented him in his early life.

Forty years afterwards, when the statesman and

Temple Bar.

philosopher went on a mission to England, he did not forget to pay a visit to his old office. His printing press, it will be remembered, has been brought to this country, and is in safe keeping, in his native city, as a relic.

In Gray's Inn Lane once lived the two distinguished personages, Hampden and Pym.

The hall of Gray's Inn was built in 1560. Among other eminent students were Edward Hall, the chronicler; George Gascoigne, the poet; the great Lord Burleigh; Lord Bacon; Bradshaw, who sat as president at the trial of Charles I.; and Joseph Ritson, the antiquary.

Wending our devious way down Chancery-lane, a street that links together several "Inns of Court," and which is consequently redolent of the bag-wigs and black gowns of barristers, we at length reach Temple Bar. This picturesque-looking gate occupies the site of the ancient City boundary to the west. It was built by Wren, in the year 1670.

On the east side, in niches, are the statues of Queen Elizabeth and King James I., and on the west side those of Charles I. and Charles II. It derives its name from its contiguity to the Temple. On the tops of Temple Bar there used to be displayed the unsightly exhibition of traitors' heads. Walpole, in one of his letters, dated August 16th, 1746,

says—"I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look." There is an ancient and absurd custom connected with Temple Bar which may not be known generally. The gates are invariably closed by the city authorities whenever the sovereign has occasion to enter the city, and at no other time. The visit of the sovereign is, indeed, a rare occurrence, confined to a thanksgiving in St. Paul's for some important victory, or the opening of a public building like the New Royal Exchange. A herald sounds a trumpet before the gate—another herald knocks—a parley ensues—the gates are then thrown open, and the Lord Mayor for the time being makes over the sword of the city to the sovereign, who graciously returns it. Stow describes a scene like this, when Queen Elizabeth was on her way to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Armada. "Over the gate of Temple Bar were placed the waites of the citie: and at the same bar the Lord Mayor and his brethren the Aldermen, in scarlet, received and welcomed her Majesty to her City and Chamber, delivering to her hands the sceptre [sword], which after certain speeches had, her Highness redelivered to the Mayor, and he again taking his horse,

bare the same before her." When Cromwell and the Parliament dined in the city in state, on the 17th of June, 1849, the same ceremony was observed; "the Mayor delivering up the sword to the speaker," says Whitelocke, "as he used to do to the king." Queen Anne went through the same ceremony on her way to St. Paul's to return thanks for the Duke of Marlborough's victories, and recently Queen Victoria, on her way to Cornhill to open the Royal Exchange.

Fleet-street and the Strand, be it remembered, are named from the fact, that in early times the former had a rivulet, now running under ground, and the latter was then the bank of the Thames

Pleasant memories cluster around the precincts of Fleet-street and its numerous courts and alleys, for Johnson, Dryden, Cowper, Goldsmith, Richardson, and Lamb have made these places classic ground. Booksellers' shops also there were formerly not a few in this vicinity.

Wynkyn de Worde, the celebrated printer, lived at the sign of the "Falcon," in Fleet-street, and the house over Falcon Court yet exists with the date, 1667, upon it; Murray, the successor to Miller, lived here, when he published Irving's Sketch Book; Byron's Childe Harold, and the earliest Nos. of the Quarterly Review. The first English

tragedy, strictly so called, was printed at the sign of the Falcon, in 1561. Curll, the eminent publisher, kept his shop "over against" St. Dunstan's Church, with the sign of the "Dial and Bible."

On the south side of Fleet-street, between the Temple Gates, may be seen an ancient house, once occupied by the no less celebrated bookseller Bernard Lintot. The sign of his shop was the "Cross Keys." Pinson also lived in this street. Near the junction of Chancery-lane and Fleet-street lived Cowley, Drayton, and Isaac Walton. The celebrated orientalist, Sir William Jones, lived in Lamb's-buildings, Temple, which Goldsmith and Johnson have immortalized by their presence and their pens. The Rainbow, the Mitre, the Cock, and other celebrated taverns in Fleet-street and its vicinity, were among the places of most frequent resort of the literati of those days.

Dr. Johnson seems to have had a fickle fancy for changing his lodgings; it has been estimated from first to last he occupied no less than seventeen different houses or apartments, in or near London. At one time he lived at No. 4 Gough Square; it was here he compiled, in part, his Dictionary, and other works. Bolt Court is also another locality rendered classic by his name, and the Mitre Tavern was where the Doctor was accustomed to

keep such late hours. It was here he so frequently met with his especial friends, Boswell and Goldsmith.

In Fleet-street, near Temple Bar, still exists the banking-house of Child and Co., the most ancient in London. The private banking account of Charles II. was kept here, and is still extant.

No. 37 Fleet-street presents one of the most superb edifices of its class in London—it is the banking establishment of Messrs. Hoare; and like that of Messrs. Child, boasts great antiquity. It was originated by Richard Hoare, in 1693.

CHAPTER VII.

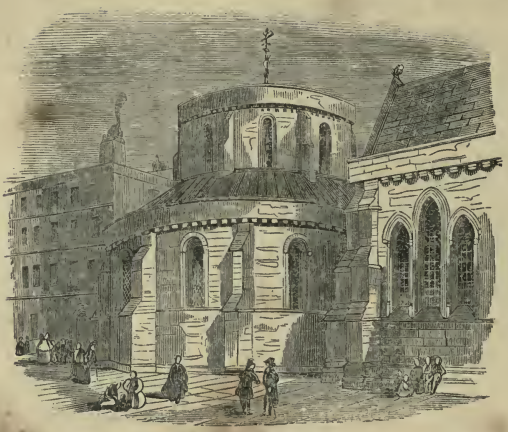
Ticket Porters—the Temple—Temple Church—Hall of Middle Temple—Anecdotes of Goldsmith and Johnson—St. Dunstan's Church—Bolt Court—Booksellers of Fleet-street—St. Bride's Church—Salisbury Square—Bridewell—Monastery of the Blackfriars—Blackfriars' Bridge—Playhouse Yard—Printing-house Square—the "Times"—Baynard Castle—Ludgate Hill—Old Bailey—Green Arbor Court—St. Sepulchre's Church—Stationers' Hall—Paternoster Row—The Chapter Coffee House—Panyer Alley—Warwick Lane—Newgate Market.

ROWDED as this busy thoroughfare is, let us linger a moment to catch a glimpse of the many phases of life that are presented to our view. We are now in the very heart of the mighty Babel: here are all the various members of society eagerly pressing their way in pursuit of their several occupations—from the rich merchant to the "ticket porter," while the half famished beggar boy is contentedly feasting upon the meagre crust which the hand of charity has sparingly bestowed. We well

remember, years ago, when "ticket porters" were in vogue in this neighborhood, a singular specimen of the class, who was afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. It was amusing to see him start off all at once without any apparent object in view, and running impetuously for some time suddenly "pull up," as if to reflect upon his precipitate course, and convulsively twirling his fingers, and making strange grimaces, as if repentant of his folly, quietly retrace his steps. We now pass through a dark archway, the Temple Gate, which leads us to one of the most interesting historic relics of the City. The Temple is of great antiquity, dating back as far as 1185. At the downfall of the Knights' Templars, in 1313, the Temple was bestowed upon the Earl of Pembroke, at whose death the property passed to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, by whom the Inner and Middle Temples were leased to the students of law, in 1326. Spencer makes the following allusion to this locality :—

"Those bricky towers
The which on Thames' broad aged back doe ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Templar knights to bide,
Till they decayed through pride."

The Church of the Knights' Templars is modelled in part after the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.



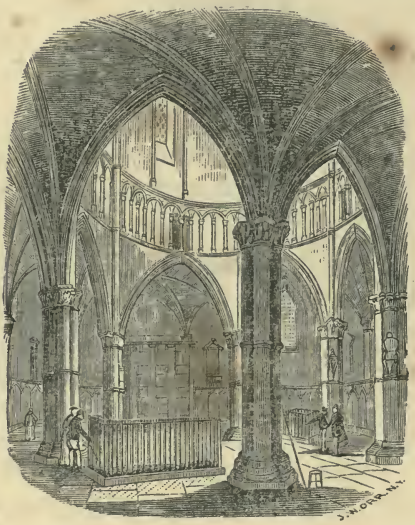
EXTERIOR VIEW.

As you enter the great circular tower, which is of Norman architecture, the attention is arrested by the monumental effigies, by some supposed to be representations of the ancient knights; this, however, is doubted by other antiquarians.

The Choir, which has been recently restored and beautified, presents a splendid specimen of the architectural taste of the twelfth century.

The learned Selden is buried here, the white marble monument to his memory being placed to the left of the altar, and immediately over his remains. In the burial ground to the east of the Choir, and outside of the building, repose the

ashes of Oliver Goldsmith. His funeral took place on the evening of the 9th of April, 1774.



INTERIOR VIEW.

The place is undistinguished; but a tablet recently erected on the north side of the Choir commemorates the circumstance

Many learned divines have been lecturers in Temple Church, among the number Hooker, the author of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and Archbishop Usher, who preached the funeral sermon of Selden. The organ at this church was long celebrated as being the grandest in London. Shakespeare lays the

scene of the first part of Henry VI., it may be remembered, in Temple Gardens. We first hear of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night in connection with its performance in this fine old Hall. These gardens front the Thames, and are laid out with great taste, and are ornamented with stately trees. The Hall of the Middle Temple is venerable and magnificent; it has witnessed more than one royal banquet. Crown Office Row, Temple, was the birthplace of Charles Lamb; he says in "Elia," "Cheerful Crown Office Row, place of my kindly engender."

Among the distinguished literary names connected with the Temple, may be mentioned the following: Raleigh, Selden (who died in Whitefriars), Clarendon, Beaumont, Ford, Wycherly, Congreve, Rowe, Fielding, Johnson, Burke, and Cowper: also Goldsmith, who had chambers there. He resided first on Library-Staircase, afterwards in King's Bench Walk, and finally at No. 2 Brick Court. It was in Wine Office Court, Fleet-street, he wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield." The following is the interesting account by Boswell, of the circumstances under which this charming tale was sold:

"I received one morning," said Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and, as it was

not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went to him as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

Those who are familiar with Boswell's "Life of Johnson" will remember the following amusing anecdote of the Doctor: "When Madame de Boufflers was first in England, she was desirous to see Johnson. I accordingly went with her to his chambers in the Temple, where she was entertained with his conversation for some time. When our visit was over, she and I left him, and were got into Inner Temple Lane, when all at once I heard a noise like thunder. This was occasioned by Johnson, who, it seems, upon a little recollection, had taken it into his head that he ought to have done the honors of his literary residence to a foreign lady of quality, and eager to show himself a man of gallantry, was hurrying down the staircase in

violent agitation. He overtook us before we reached the Temple Gate, and breaking in between me and Madame de Boufflers, seized her hand, and conducted her to her coach. His dress was a rusty brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by this singular appearance."

St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street, was founded about the middle of the fourteenth century. The present structure is exceedingly beautiful, being of the Gothic style. Among our early recollections we recall two huge, fierce-looking figures placed in the old tower, each side the clock, with clubs in their hands, with which to strike the hour. An ancient statue of Queen Elizabeth, was also a conspicuous object on the exterior of the church. It will be recollected that Dr. Johnson died in Bolt Court, Fleet-street, a little lower down. Ferguson, the astronomer, lived at No. 4 in this Court, and there he died.

St. Bride's Church, in Fleet-street, is celebrated for its architectural beauty, as well as the interesting memories it recalls of the past. Here repose the ashes of Wynkyn De Worde, the contemporary

of Caxton; Richardson, the novelist; and several literary characters of the past century—Sir Richard Baker, author of the Chronicle which bears his name; also Richard Lovelace, the poet. In this church were buried, Ogilby, the translator of Homer; Sandford, author of the Genealogical History which bears his name; the widow of Sir William Davenant, the poet; and Richardson, author of Clarissa Harlowe, his grave (half hid by pew No. 8, on the south side) is marked by a flat stone, about the middle of the centre aisle.

St. Bride's is of very ancient foundation. The present structure is the work of Sir Christopher Wren. It was when Milton lived in St. Bride's churchyard that he contracted the ill-assorted marriage with Mary Powell.

In a house, near the centre of Salisbury Square, Richardson wrote his "Pamela." It was here he was visited by most of the eminent men of his day, Hogarth, Johnson, Archbishop Secker, Dr. Young, Mrs. Barbauld, and others. The last named has presented a graphic picture of these memorable literary gatherings. Underneath the church wall of St. Bride's is a pump, which is said to cover the site of the ancient St. Bride's Well. Bridewell, named originally from the same spring, was formerly a royal palace. It was built prior to the

reign of King John, and formed part of an ancient castle. It was inhabited by Cardinal Wolsey; Henry VIII. also lodged here, when his inhumanity and infidelity to Catherine first betrayed itself. In the time of the great Lord Burleigh it was converted into a House of Correction for vagrants. It was here a notorious procuress, of the days of Charles II., closed her career. She desired by will to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have ten pounds—but upon the express condition that he was to say nothing but what was *well* of her. Clerical ingenuity closed the funeral oration in the following words:—"All I shall say of her, therefore, is this: she was born *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well;* for she was born with the name Cres*well*, she lived in Clerken*well*, and she died in Bride*well*."

In the days of the Plantagenets, when the sovereigns of England held their courts indiscriminately in the palaces of Bridewell, Westminster, and the Tower, the banks of the Thames between the latter fortress and the Temple appear to have been occupied by the splendid mansions and gardens of the nobility. Immediately to the east of Blackfriars'-Bridge, stood the great monastery of the Black-Friars, which, with its gardens and precincts, covered a vast space of ground; had its four gates

and its sanctuary; and could also boast of one of the most magnificent churches in the metropolis. During the reign of Henry VIII., Parliament convened in this monastery; and it was here the charges were preferred against Wolsey. The burial-ground of this monastery received the remains of many distinguished personages of that time—the privilege of being interred in the habit of their order having been supposed to be a certain safeguard against the power of the evil spirit. This monastery shared the fate of other religious houses in 1547. It was near here that the unfortunate Lord Cobham resided, at whose house Queen Elizabeth was once entertained. It was on the occasion of the festival in honor of the marriage of Lord Herbert, when the wrinkled Queen, at sixty-three, figured in the gay frivolities of the girl of eighteen. This entertainment took place but a few months previous to her signing the death-warrant of the ill-fated Earl of Essex.

Crossing Fleet-street is Farringdon-street, which leads to Holborn (originally called Old Bourne, from the stream which in early times connected itself with the Thames). In 1606, Fleet River was navigable by vessels as far as Holborn.

Playhouse-Yard, in the vicinity, is the site of Blackfriars' Theatre, where Shakespeare enacted

some of his characters. In the immediate neighborhood is Printinghouse Square, in which is the well-known establishment of the *Times* newspaper.

Continuing the route along Thames-street, the next object of special interest that we meet with on the northern banks of the river, is Baynard Castle. It is situated between Paul's-Wharf and Puddle-Dock, near the site of old St. Paul's. Baynard Castle—endeared to us by the genius of Shakspeare—is associated with some of the most stirring scenes in English history. It derives its name from its founder, one of the Norman barons, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England. The castle was destroyed in 1428, and rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, on whose attainder it reverted to the crown. Its next occupant was Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who maintained four hundred followers within its walls, and who carried on here his ambitious projects against the government of Henry VI. In 1460 young Edward IV. made it his abode for a time; and after his accession to the throne, he conferred it upon the Duke of Gloucester. Henry VII. frequently resided in Baynard Castle, and added to its extent and decorations. The Earl of Pembroke was another of its occupants, and it was here he entertained Queen Elizabeth shortly after her coronation.

Baynard Castle was destroyed in the Great Fire; its name, however, is still preserved in Baynard Castle Ward.

Blackfriars'-Bridge, commenced in 1760, is memorable as having been one of the principal scenes of the famous Protestant outbreak fomented by Lord George Gordon. For three days the populace were masters of the metropolis; the conflict on the bridge was terrific and disastrous, and the causeway was actually dyed with blood.

The visitor to the City will hardly fail to cross this central bridge, since it leads to many objects of interest which lie between Blackfriars' and Southwark bridges.

The view of the City from Blackfriars'-Bridge

is very imposing; it is here we see the majestic dome of St. Paul's towering high above the almost countless pinnacles and spires of churches, and as far as the eye can reach, the mass of brick and stone buildings which line the banks of the Thames.

"It is by the Thames," says Sir Henry L. Bulwer, "that the foreigner should enter London. The broad breast of this great river, black with the huge masses that float upon its crowded waters,—the tall fabrics, gaunt and drear, that line its melancholy shores,—the thick gloom through which you dimly catch the shadowy outline of these gigantic forms—the marvellous quiet with which you glide by the dark phantoms of her power into the mart of nations—the sadness, the silence, the vastness, the obscurity of all things around—prepare you for a grave and solemn magnificence."

There are upwards of sixty steamers plying daily on the river Thames. It is computed that they pass under the bridges at the rate of one per minute during the entire day.

Passing up Ludgate Hill, and turning northward, we reach the Old Bailey, the terrible site of public executions. We shall not pause to refer to its dark records, for while many have been justly doomed to expiate their crimes, we cannot forget

that it has witnessed the sacrifice of many valuable lives. For nearly two centuries this prison was the scene of the infliction of fearful cruelties, as well as the administration of justice. The prison itself is called Newgate. The worthy William Penn was once incarcerated within its walls, for preaching against the Established Church.

But since those days a great amelioration has taken place, not only in the repeal of many barbarous laws that disgraced the English Statute-book, but also in the condition of such criminals as have made themselves amenable to the present milder code—a consummation that has been brought about, not alone by a more humane spirit in the Legislature, but also through the benevolent efforts of individuals, the first and most prominent of whom was the immortal HOWARD, who has earned the surname of "the great philanthropist," and whose conduct has been worthily imitated in our own day by the well-known Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, Mr. Gurney, and several others.

At No. 12 Green Arbor Court, Old Bailey, lived Oliver Goldsmith. In an apartment here, he is said to have written the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the poem of "The Traveller." The antiquary, Camden, was born in the Old Bailey.

The very house is still standing, the last in the

alley, facing a flight of steps, facetiously perhaps, but very appropriately, called "Breakneck Stairs." Dirty as is this shrine of genius, we cannot withhold our tribute to the memory of one of the classic names of the world's literature. At the end of the Old Bailey stands St. Sepulchre's Church, which is worthy of note as containing the remains of the heroic Capt. John Smith, who died 1631.

Sydney House, in the Old Bailey, once the residence of the Sydneys, till they removed to Leicester Fields, was subsequently shorn of its dignity by becoming the abode of the notorious Jonathan Wild.

Returning to Ludgate Hill, we next approach Stationers' Hall Court, near which are the business premises of Mr. Charles Knight, the celebrated author and publisher. Stationers' Hall is the old establishment of the Booksellers' and Stationers' Company, incorporated in 1757. It is here all copyright publications are registered and deposited. Facing this building is Simpkin and Marshall's extensive book-warehouse. Passing this we reach Amen-Corner, which forms the terminus of Paternoster-row, the world's great literary emporium.

Paternoster-row is said to have been so called on account of the number of Stationers or Text-writers who dwelt there, and dealt much in reli-

gious books, and sold horn-books, with the Paternoster, Ave-Maria, Creed, etc. Cunningham, however, supposes it was named from the rosary or paternoster-makers; for so they were called, as appears by a record of "one Robert Nikke, a paternoster-maker and citizen," in the reign of Henry IV.

The "Row," as it is technically called by the craft, did not assume any importance till the reign of Queen Anne, when the booksellers began to forsake their former principal mart, Little Britain; and which may be said to have become the resort of all the bibliopoles about the time of the renowned John Day, terminating with the equally celebrated Ballard (themselves both authors and booksellers); during which period, those of our category appear to have been singularly conspicuous. In earlier times Paternoster-row seems to have been more noted for mercers, lacemen and haberdashers, and a newspaper periodical of 1707 adds to the list, "the sempstresses of Paternoster-row." We find, however, the record of a solitary member of the craft, one Denham, who lived then at the sign of the "Star," as early as 1564, and whose significant motto ran as follows:

"Os homini sublime dedit."

The bookselling brotherhood of Paternoster-row

number about one hundred; they enjoy amongst themselves a kind of freemasonry, and impose laws and restrictions on the minor members of the trade.

The Chapter Coffee House, in Paternoster-row, has long been, and still is, the place where the bookselling fraternity "do chiefly congregate."

It is here they hold council on matters of business among themselves or with authors. Rivingtons is the senior publishing house; near where Dolly's chop-house now stands, once lived Tarlton, Queen Elizabeth's celebrated jester. Rivingtons' house has been established more than a century, and is devoted to the publication of "High Church" theological literature. Longmans' is the next oldest establishment, and the one that does the heaviest business in the trade. One of Longmans' earliest publications, "Drysdale's Warwickshire," folio, bears the imprint 1730.

In Lovell's Court, now forming part of the premises of the Rivingtons, Richardson wrote his "Sir Charles Grandison." Over Rivington's door may still be seen the old sign of "The Bible and Crown."

On the opposite side of the Row is Panyer-alley, which takes its name from a stone monument erected therein, on which is inscribed the figure of a pannier, across which a boy is seated, with a bunch

of grapes held between his hand and foot, beneath which is a tablet with the following:

"When you have sought y^e^ citie round,
Yet still this is the highest grounde.
August the 27, 1688."

Warwick-lane, which is a little lower down, takes its name from the ancient Earls of Warwick, who dwelt here.

At Newgate-street end may be seen a stone tablet, referring to the famous Earl of Warwick, who, according to Stowe, came to London at the famous convention of 1458, "with six hundred men all dressed in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staves, before and behind, and was lodged in Warwick-lane; in whose house there were often six oxen eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for he that had any acquaintance in that house, might have there so much of sodden and roast meat as he could prick and carry upon a long dagger."

The butchers of Newgate Market, leading from Warwick-lane, who are thickly colonized there,—to the great discomfort of the neighboring purveyors of intellectual meat, the booksellers—may possibly have chosen this location for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the redoubtable Earl and his gormandizing army.

At the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard lived Mr. Newberry, the famous bookseller to the Juveniles. The house is now occupied by a successor, who caters to their fancy with a greater display than his renowned predecessor.

CHAPTER VIII.

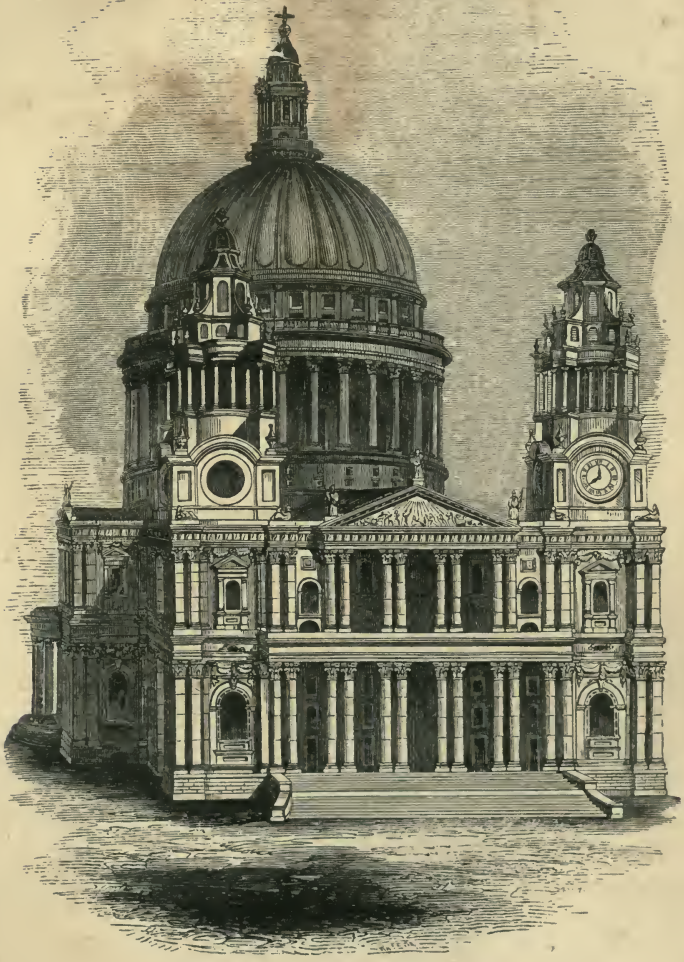
Johnson the Bookseller—St. Paul's Cathedral—Its Interior—Monuments—Anecdote of Dr. Donne—View from the Summit of St. Paul's—Anniversary of the Charity Children in St. Paul's—St. Paul's Churchyard—Doctors' Commons—Heralds' College—St Paul's School, Cheapside—Bread-street—Guildhall—The Poultry—Old Jewry—The Mansion House—Bank of England—St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook—Lombard-street—St. Mary's, Woolnoth—St. Olave's Church—St. Mary's, Aldermanbury—St. Magnus'—St. Augustine's—The Royal Exchange—Lloyds'—The North and South American Coffee House—Garraway's Coffee House—Pope's Head Alley—St. Peter's, Cornhill—South Sea House—Aldgate—East India House.

BEFORE we take leave of the booksellers, we might mention that at No. 72 St. Paul's Churchyard, lived Johnson, the publisher of Cowper's "Task." It may be remembered that notwithstanding it was almost universally denounced by the literary censorship of the day, yet, such was the superior critical acumen of worthy bibliopolist, that he had the courage to this publish the subsequent poems of Cowper, and the satisfaction of sustaining his own and reversing public opinion in their favor.

St. Paul's Cathedral—the most magnificent religious edifice of the City—occupies classic ground. On its site once stood a heathen temple;

a Christian Church was founded A. D. 610, by Ethelbert; and after this, the old cathedral which was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Old St. Paul's abounded with historical associations, and contained the ashes of many illustrious personages. Paul's Cross, which stood in front of the western porch, was memorable as being the place at which royal marriages were announced; and among the number that of Henry VII. It was at Paul's Cross that the illustrious martyrs, Latimer and Ridley, were accustomed to deliver their powerful appeals in behalf of the reformed religion. In 1588, Queen Elizabeth, it will be remembered, went in state to the Cathedral to return thanks for the destruction of the "Invincible Armada." The last time that a sermon was preached at Paul's Cross in the presence of royalty, was in 1630, before Charles the First. In 1643, the Long Parliament voted the destruction of the different crosses in London, as being offensive relics of Popery. The same year, during the civil wars, the Cathedral was doomed to havoc and desecration, and during the Great Fire, it was wholly sacrificed by the devouring element. The present magnificent structure was commenced in 1675, and completed in 1710; the grandest monument of architectural skill ever achieved by a single indi-



St. Paul's Cathedral.

vidual. It occupied thirty-five years in building, under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren; while St. Peter's, at Rome, took one hundred and fifty-five years in its construction, under the supervision of twelve successive architects. St. Paul's is more symmetrically beautiful than St. Peter's; its cost was close upon £750,000. Its dimensions are 404 feet in height, 500 in length, and 250 at its extreme breadth. St. Peter's is 437 feet in height, 730 feet long, and 500 broad. Wren received only £200 a year during the progress of this great work; for which he incurred the great responsibility of the undertaking, as well as the hazard of his life in being hauled up in baskets scores of times, even to the top of the cupola and cross. While Wren was adjusting the dimensions of the dome, he ordered a laborer to bring him a flat stone to be laid as a direction to the masons. The man brought by chance a fragment of a gravestone on which the word *Resurgam* was inscribed. This suggested to Sir Christopher the idea of the phœnix, which he placed on the south portico with that word cut beneath. In the centre of the Cathedral, immediately under the great dome, is an inscription in brass over the remains of the great architect, which reads as follows:—

"Si monumentum requiris circumspice."

The interior of this vast edifice is in the form of a Latin cross, having a nave, choir, transepts, and side aisles.

The choir is separated from the body of the Church by iron railings. Over the entrance to it is the organ gallery, and an organ erected in 1694, by Bernard Schmydt, or Smith, at a cost of £2000, and supposed to be one of the first in the kingdom. On the south side of the choir is a throne for the bishop, and on the north side another for the lord mayor; besides those there is on each side a long range of stalls. The whole are richly ornamented with carvings, by Grinley Gibbons, who was the first, according to Walpole, who succeeded in giving to wood "the loose and airy lightness of flowers; and chained together the various productions of the elements with a free disorder natural to each species." In the chancel, or semicircular recess, at the east end, stands the communion table.

The lofty columns which support the immense dome, are clustered with sculptured monuments of names distinguished in British history. The resting place of Nelson is probably that which excites the deepest interest; it is in the crypt of the Cathedral. There is a gallery round the interior of the dome known as "The Whispering Gallery," where, by whispering against the wall, a person at

the opposite extremity can hear what you say, as distinctly as if you spoke in a loud voice. The slamming of a door in that gallery reverberates like thunder.

Some fair specimens of the sculptor's art beautify the interior of the Cathedral; we can only indicate a few,—the statue of Howard the philanthropist, and that of Johnson, both by Bacon. Also of Sir William Jones; Sir John Moore; Lords Howe, Cornwallis, Rodney, etc.

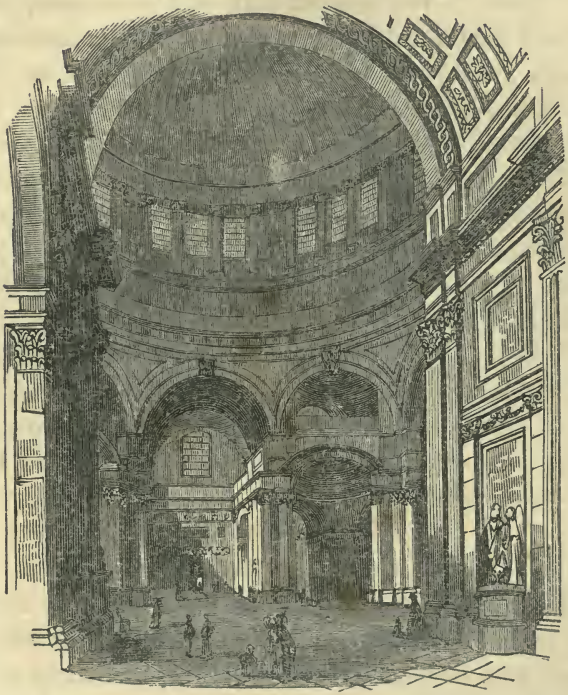
But the passenger through St. Paul's Churchyard has not only the last home of Nelson and others to venerate, but in the ground of the old church were buried the gallant Sir Philip Sydney (the *beau idéal* of the age of Elizabeth), and Vandyke, who immortalised the youth and beauty of the court of Charles I. One of Elizabeth's great statesmen also lies there—Walsingham,—who died so poor, that he was buried by stealth, to prevent his body from being arrested; another, Sir Christopher Hatton, who is supposed to have danced himself into the office of Her Majesty's Chancellor; Fletcher, Bishop of London, father of the great poet, was another who had a tomb in the old Church. Dr. Donne, the head of the metaphysical poets, so ably criticised by Johnson, was Dean of St. Paul's, and had a grave here, of which he has

left an extraordinary memorial. It is a wooden image of himself, made by his order, and representing him as he was to appear in his shroud. This, for some time before he died, he kept by his bed-side, in an open coffin, thus endeavoring to reconcile an uneasy imagination to the fate he could not avoid. It is still preserved in the vaults under the church, and is to be seen with the other curiosities of the Cathedral.

On a clear day, which is somewhat a rarity in the smoky Metropolis, one of the most magnificent sights the eye can behold or the mind contemplate, is afforded from the summit of St. Paul's. It is somewhat of an undertaking, it is true, to make one's way up some six or seven hundred steps to the top, but once having gained it, the labor is more than repaid. This we can avouch from repeated experience; and so sublime a spectacle was it deemed by Haydon, that he perilled his life during a series of months in sketching from a scaffolding erected over the cross, the panorama from which he painted his celebrated picture of London.

The most interesting time to witness St. Paul's Cathedral, is on the anniversary celebration of the Parochial Schools of London in May, when some fifteen thousand children, the members of each school being dressed alike, are congregated within

this vast temple. Divine service is performed twice a day, in a comparatively small enclosure,



being the eastern aisle. There is a barrier dividing St. Paul's Churchyard north and south; it was formerly called "Paul's Chain." In Knight-Riders'-street is situated Doctors' Commons, a sort of college of civil and ecclesiastical law. All

wills are deposited here, and are registered from the year 1333.

Here is the original will of Shakespeare, on three folio sheets of paper, with his signature to each sheet; the will of Napoleon, made at St. Helena, bequeathing a legacy of 10,000 francs to the man who tried to assassinate the Duke of Wellington in Paris; the will of Van Dyck, the painter; of Inigo Jones; Sir Isaac Newton; Dr. Johnson; and, in short, of all the great men in this country who died possessed of property in the south of England.

In the immediate neighborhood is the Heralds' College. It is approached under an arched gateway which conducts to the quadrangular building. A gorgeous display of colors falls on the eye in passing it, as from a Cathedral window,—

> "And shielded scutcheons blush
> With blood of Kings and Queens."

The corporation is of great antiquity. It consists of three kings-at-arms, six heralds-at-arms, and four pursuivants-at-arms, all nominated by the Earl Marshal of England. These mock kings were formerly created and crowned by the king himself, but that ceremony is now performed by the Duke of Norfolk, as hereditary Earl Marshal of England, or his deputy.

Among its curiosities are the sword, dagger, and ring belonging to James IV. of Scotland, who fell at Flodden-field, and the Roll of the Tournament holden at Westminster by Henry VIII., in honor of Queen Katherine.

Passing by St. Paul's School, which was founded in 1512, by Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, we enter Cheapside, or Westcheap, as it was formerly called; it is one of the most frequented thoroughfares in London, was famous in former times for its "Ridings," its "Cross," its "Conduit," and its "Standard," and, still later, for its silk-mercers, linen-drapers, and hosiers. At No. 73, lived Sir Christopher Wren, in a splendid stone edifice, since restored and recently occupied by Tegg, the well-known bookseller, who amassed a fortune by the purchase and sale of "remainders" of works of the several publishers. In Bread-street, Sir Thomas More was born, and on the opposite side Milton. Here also stood the famous Mermaid Tavern, the celebrated rendezvous of Raleigh, Spencer, Shakespeare, Selden, Ben Jonson, Donne, etc.

Guildhall abounds with historical interest. It was here the fair martyr, Anna Askew, was brought to trial, also the beautiful and accomplished Lady Jane Gray, the Earl of Surrey, etc. Guild-

hall has also been famous for centuries, for its civic feasts, at many of which royalty presided. On the occasion of the peace, in 1814, the city gave a magnificent banquet, at which the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, and other potentates were guests; the total expenditure of which was estimated at the enormous sum of £24,000. The plate alone is stated to have been worth £200,000. The great civic festival—the "Lord Mayor's Show,"—which occurs on the 9th of November, concludes with a sumptuous entertainment at Guildhall. John Bull still retains the enviable reputation of giving good dinners; a faculty he seems to have acquired from his ancestors. Opposite Guildhall is Bow Church, the well-known centre of cockneyism.

The Poultry—so called from its having in former times been principally tenanted by poulterers—extending from Cheapside to Cornhill, was the *locale* of Dilly, the bookseller, who subsequently sold his business to Mawman; his shop was No. 22. There Johnson dined with Jack Wilkes, and here Boswell's "Life of Johnson" was first published. No. 31, was Vennor and Hood's, the booksellers—Tom Hood, the punster and poet, was born here, the head of the firm being his father.

Old Jewry, connecting Cheapside with Cateaton-

street, was first so called from its being chiefly inhabited by Jews. Here was originally held the London Institution, and here its Librarian, Prof. Parson, died, in 1808. Dr. Foster, a celebrated preacher upwards of twenty years in the Old Jewry, and the friend of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, is referred to by Pope in the following couplet:—

> "Let modest Foster, if he will excel
> Two Metropolitans in preaching well."

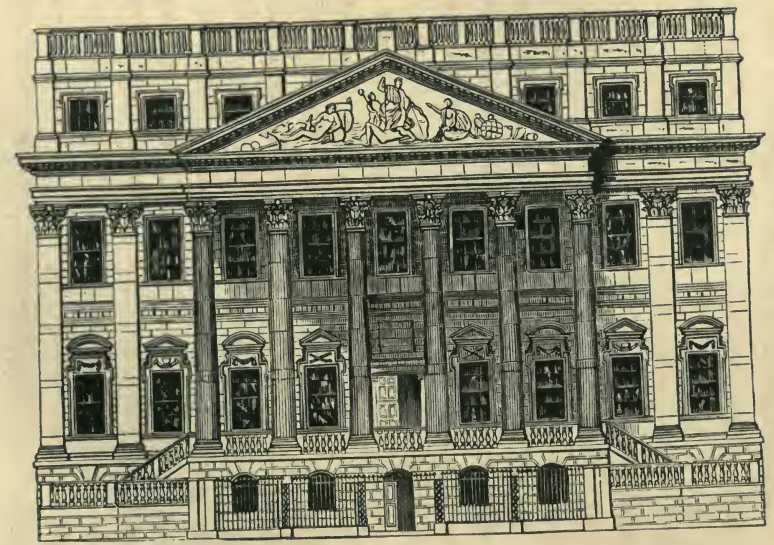
According to tradition, in the corner house of Old Jewry and Cheapside, Thomas à-Becket was born. In St. Lawrence Church, adjacent, is a monument to the memory of the amiable and distinguished Tillotson, many of whose admirable sermons were delivered here. The Archbishop was both married and buried in this Church.

The Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, is said to have cost upwards of £70,000. The state-carriage of the Lord Mayor, second only in splendor to the Queen's, originally cost about a thousand guineas, and requires about £100 a year to keep it in repair. The annual salary of the Lord Mayor is £8000, and his expenses usually exceed that amount. It was built about a century since, but has been frequently beautified,

and is, as a whole, a very grand and imposing structure. Some years ago, the writer of these "Memories" was at a grand civic banquet in the "Egyptian Hall," on which occasion the celebrated Talleyrand was a guest. He was paraded round the Hall, heralded by trumpeters gaudily dressed in gold-lace coats.

Facing the Mansion House is the renowned Bank of England. It is an enormous mass of buildings, occupying eight acres of ground. This mighty magazine of money—the largest banking establishment by far in the world—was originated in 1694. More than eight hundred clerks are occupied in the various departments, besides forty or fifty engravers, printers, &c.; and some two hundred pensioners and superannuated clerks derive annuities from the Bank. On the 14th of May, 1832, it is recorded that the twenty-five tellers paid, within the limits of banking hours, no less a sum than £307,000 in gold! The Bank is allowed only to issue paper to the amount of fourteen millions sterling. The great event in its history occurred in 1797, when it suspended cash payments, yet then, after all claims had been deducted, fifteen and a half millions sterling remained over in the vaults.

In the Bank of England no fewer than sixty



The Mansion House.

folio volumes, or ledgers, are daily filled with writing in keeping the accounts! To produce these sixty folio volumes, the paper having been previously manufactured elsewhere, eight men, three steam-presses, and two hand-presses are continually kept going within the Bank! In the copper-plate printing department, 28,000 bank-notes are thrown off daily; and so accurately is the number indicated by machinery, that to purloin a single note without detection is an impossibility.

St. Stephen's Church, Walbrook, is one of the boasted edifices of the distinguished architect, Wren. It is admitted to be one of the most beautifully proportioned buildings ever constructed. A nobleman, celebrated for his artistic and architectural taste, (the Earl of Burlington,) on returning from a tour in Italy some years ago, paid a visit to St. Stephen's, and pronounced it equal to anything of its kind in the world.

There is a fine painting by Benjamin West, of the Stoning of St. Stephen, at the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street. John Newton, the friend of Cowper, was for twenty-eight years rector. He died 1807, and a tablet to his memory is placed within the church, with the following inscription:

"John Newton, Clerk, once an infidel and a libertine, a

servant of slaves in Africa, was by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy."

In Lombard-street, Guy, the bookseller, and founder of Guy's Hospital, lived. The father of Pope, the poet, was a linendraper in this street; and here, in 1688, his celebrated son was born. Opposite the old-fashioned gate of the church of St. Edward the Martyr, is a narrow court leading to a Quaker's Meeting-House, where Penn and Fox frequently preached.

Lombard-street derives its name from the opulent money-lenders, or usurers, who came out of Lombardy in 1274, and who carried on their monetary transactions in this street, from the reign of Edward I. to that of Elizabeth. It still retains its reputation for wealth; with the exception of the Bank of England, it contains unquestionably the most money, and includes within its limits the richest capitalists and bankers, in the world. Sir Thomas Gresham, the princely merchant, and founder of the Royal Exchange, lived here; the site, No. 68, is now occupied by a banking establishment.

St. Mary's Aldermanbury, was built by Sir C. Wren. Heminge and Condell, the first editors of Shakespeare; and Edmund Calamy, are buried

here. Judge Jeffreys, who died in 1689, was buried in a vault on the north side of the communion table. In 1810, when the church was repaired, the coffin was found still fresh with the name of "Lord Chancellor Jeffreys" inscribed upon it. The register of the church of 1656 records the marriage of Milton to his second wife.

Close to Fish-street Hill is the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr, standing on the site of the old church, which was destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666. The most illlustrious name connected with this church is that of Miles Coverdale, under whose direction the first complete English version of the Bible was published, in 1535. He resigned the rectorship in 1566. In White-Hart-Court, died, in 1690, the celebrated George Fox, the father of the Quakers.

In St. Augustine's, Watling-street, are the remains of the Rev. R. M. Barham, the rector, and author of the "Ingoldsby Legends." He died in 1845.

In Coleman-street, in the City, at a tavern called the "Star," Oliver Cromwell and his party used to convene. Here also the five members accused of treason by Charles I., concealed themselves. At No. 14, Great-Bell-Yard, Coleman-

street, Robert Bloomfield, the poet, carried on the trade of a shoe-maker.

"While *fields* shall *bloom*,
His name shall live,"

for, if he did not render illustrious the craft of St. Crispin, he certainly portrayed pastoral scenes with all their native attractions.

We have now approached the Royal Exchange —an ornament of the British Metropolis, and one of the most splendid modern structures in the world. The munificent Sir Thomas Gresham built the first Exchange that London ever had; the foundation stone was laid in 1566, and the grand edifice was completed during the following year. Queen Elizabeth proceeded in great state from her residence, Somerset-House, in the Strand, to visit the "new Bourse," as it was then styled. She was attended by many of the nobility on the occasion, and a sumptuous entertainment was furnished to the illustrious guests by Sir Thomas Gresham, at his house in Bishopsgate-street. Queen Elizabeth had its name changed to "Royal Exchange." Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," lived many years at the east end of the Exchange. The present Royal Exchange was built after the designs of William Tite, and was opened by Queen Victoria, in 1844. Its cost is

The Royal Exchange.

stated at £150,000. The Underwriters' establishment, Lloyd's, occupies the east end, and contains magnificent apartments.

Gray, the poet, was born December 26, 1716, in a house on the site of No. 41 Cornhill. The original house was destroyed by fire, March 25th, 1748, and immediately rebuilt by Gray.

No American tourist will fail to visit the North and South American Coffee House, in Threadneedle-street, facing the southern entrance to the Royal Exchange. This is the great focus of intelligence concerning American affairs.

In 'Change-alley is Garraway's Coffee House, which is so widely known for its connection with monetary affairs. D'Israeli thus refers to its originator:—"Thomas Garway, in Exchange-alley, tobacconist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have:—'Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for £6 and sometimes for £10 the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath only been used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1357. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof,

and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf, and drink made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into the Eastern countries, and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making tea thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality have ever sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange-alley aforesaid, to drink the drink thereof; and to the end that all persons of eminence and quality, gentlemen, and others, who have occasion for tea in leaf may be supplied, these are to give notice, that the said Thomas Garway hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings the pound.'"

Near the junction of Leadenhall-street and Cornhill, stood one of the most ancient taverns in London; it was called "The Pope's Head." It is stated, that in the reign of Henry the Sixth, wine was sold at one penny the pint, and bread included. It stood in what is now called Pope's Head-alley. On the south side of Cornhill, stands a church dedicated to St. Peter—remarkable for being the oldest in England. According to an inscription on a brass plate still preserved in the vestry, it was founded as early as the year of our Lord, 179. We ought to mention that little of the original building

now remains, it having been partly destroyed by the fire of 1666. One revered name at least is associated with this religious edifice: we refer to that of the excellent Dr. Beveridge, author of "Private Thoughts on Religion,"—a work fitted to the study of every devout mind.

In Threadneedle-street is the South-Sea-House —celebrated for one of the most iniquitous bubbles in the annals of gigantic roguery. In the Church of St. Catherine, Leadenhall-street, Dr. Pearson first delivered his famous lectures on the Creed: he died 1686. Aldgate, or Oldgate, was a gate in the City, and near the Church of St. Botolph Without. According to Stow, it was one of the four first gates of the City. The old one was taken down, and rebuilt in 1017. This last was again taken down in 1761.

The East India House was founded in the year 1600, and the present building was erected in 1800. For many years this Company had the exclusive trade with China. Its first importation of tea was an order limited to one hundred pounds' weight. The government of the Company's Indian possessions is entrusted to a viceroy or governor-general, who resides in India. The home affairs of the Company are managed by a court of twenty-four directors. The collection of Indian idols, paintings

and curiosities here assembled, render this one of the most attractive places of resort in London. There are also here a collection of fossils, a very rich library of Oriental MSS., and several statues of the most eminent servants of the Company. Hoole, the translator of Tasso; Charles Lamb, the author of "Elia;" and James Mills, the historian of British India; were clerks in the East India House. "My printed works," said Lamb, "were my recreations—my true works may be found on the shelves in Leadenhall-street, filling some hundred folios." It was here on one occasion when a complaint was made that he came late to his office in the morning, that Lamb wittily replied, "I admit it, but I leave early in the afternoon."

The East India House.

CHAPTER IX.

London Stone—Anecdote of Jack Cade—Cannon-street—The Boar's Head—Eastcheap—London Bridge—Historical Sketch of London Bridge—Winchester Palace—St. Saviour's Church—The Ladye Chapel—The Globe Theatre—The Bear Gardens—Barclay and Perkins's Brewery—The Tabard—Bermondsey Abbey—Guy's Hospital—The Monument—Billingsgate—St. Michael's Church—Church of St. Mary-at-Hill—The Custom House—New Coal Exchange—Tower Hill, its Memories—The Tower of London, its History—The Armory—Jewel House—Record Office—Queenhithe—The Royal Mint.

AT the junction of Leadenhall-street and Aldgate is Fenchurch-street, which leads to Cannon-street. Cannon-street is a corruption of Candlewick-street, which took its name from being formerly the residence of candlemakers. The London Stone, which is still to be seen in the wall of St. Swithin's Church, is the celebrated relic of the Roman London Wall. It is supposed to have been a Roman *Milliarium*, or point from which various distances were measured. It is at least venerable for age, for according to ancient chronicles it has existed some fifteen centuries. In early times even, it seems to have been invested with a degree of sanctity, or religious veneration, for treaties were ratified upon it, and proclamations

issued therefrom. Shakespeare refers to it as such. London Stone is one of the ancient shrines at which all the veritable and devout antiquaries do homage. The noted rebel, Jack Cade, in his progress through London, is said to have halted here, and striking this stone with his sword, exclaimed, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city, and here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that of the City's cost the Priory conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign, and now henceforward it shall be treason for any one to call me other than Lord Mortimer." In old St. Swithin's Church, Dryden, the poet, was married to Lady Elizabeth Howard. In the reign of Henry VII., the mansions of the Earls of Oxford and Dudley stood in St. Swithin's-lane. In Newcourt is the banking establishment of the celebrated Baron Rothschild. At the east end of Cannon-street is what remains of Eastcheap, rendered memorable by Shakspeare, in his historical drama, as the scene of the revels of Henry V., and that portly, facetious knight, Falstaff. Boar's Head Tavern, where Shakspeare makes Falstaff and his rollicking crew assemble, was destroyed by the Great Fire; it was afterwards rebuilt, and again demolished by ruthless hands, to make space for the approach to New London Bridge. Johnson

was a frequenter there; Goldsmith wrote in this tavern; and Washington Irving has an admirable paper on it in his "Sketch Book," which latter must become the delectation of every pilgrim to this classic site. The present statue of William IV. now marks the spot of the "Boar's Head," which was, in Shakspeare's time, "The Oldest Tavern in London."

We now reach London Bridge, a beautiful structure, perhaps the most splendid of the bridges of the Metropolis. Like the Tower of London, Old London Bridge, of which, however, not a vestige now remains, was an object of great historical interest. Volumes of its history have been written, which is interwoven with the leading events of centuries. Its details are rife with the records of crime and cruelty,—some of the darkest passages in English history. The following, however, must suffice for a brief outline of its records:

In the year 994 there was but a low wooden bridge over the Thames; it was built in a rude style, and connected St. Botolph's Wharf with the opposite side of the River. The first stone bridge was erected about 1209—occupying thirty-three years in construction. It was, however, shortlived, for about four years afterwards, according to Stowe, it was destroyed by fire, together with the Church

of St. Mary Overy's, and three thousand persons. In the reign of Edward I. the subsequent bridge was disfigured by the heads of traitors—among them that of Sir William Wallace; and during the reign of Richard II. feats of chivalry were enacted, when the parapet of the bridge was decorated with rich hangings of tapestry and cloth of gold. In 1450 Jack Cade and his associates had a fierce encounter upon this bridge, and some time afterwards his head was exposed here. On the Traitors' Gate, in 1655, was placed the head of the Bishop of Rochester, who suffered martyrdom for refusing to acknowledge Henry VIII. as supreme head of the Church of England; also, a month later, the head of Sir Thomas More. His daughter, however, had it afterwards buried in the Roper family vault, in a chapel adjoining St. Dunstan's, Canterbury. Old London Bridge, that one most celebrated for its historic associations, which was covered with houses, suffered greatly from the conflagration of 1666. The most celebrated edifice that adorned that bridge was the "Nonsuch House." These houses, according to Pennant, "overhung and leaned in a most terrific manner." Two fairs are mentioned as having taken place on the Thames, when it was frozen over; one in the time of Charles II., the other in 1814.

Between Bankside and the south end of London Bridge, may yet be seen part of the walls of the renowned mansion of the Bishop of Winchester. It was originally built in 1107; and in the reign of bloody Mary, it was occupied by Bishop Gardiner, the inhuman persecutor of the Protestants of that day. Here Dyer the poet, and friend of Sir Philip Sydney, lived and died. Here also the eccentric Sir Kenelm Digby wrote while imprisoned by the Parliament. One of the most interesting religious edifices of London is St. Saviour's Church. It is of very remote antiquity, having been, in early times, the Priory of St. Mary Overy. Previous to the Norman conquest, it was founded by a maiden named Mary, the owner of a ferry across the Thames: its name is derived from the Saxon "over the Rhe," having been modernised to Overy. The edifice has been several times renewed, and once or twice rebuilt. It is cathedral-like in form and size, and very richly decorated. The most antique portion, and the most beautiful also, is the "Ladye Chapel"—affording matchless specimens of the early English style, as well as the altar screen, with its profusion of exquisitely sculptured decorations, its graceful, slender pillars, and its beautiful groined roof. Besides its architectural beauties, the sacred edifice contains the relics of many of the illustrious

dead. Here, in 1397, Gower was married, by William of Wykham, to his wife Alice, and here they both were buried. The monument of the father of English verse is still a conspicuous object. At this church were also celebrated the royal nuptials of James with the Lady Jane Beaufort: the subsequent fate of the hapless minstrel King of Scotland is well known. In the reign of Queen Mary, the sanguinary commission for the trial of "heretics" was held here; and among the illustrious personages who pleaded their cause before this dreaded tribunal were the indomitable Bishop Hooper and John Rogers. Both, however, suffered martyrdom, one at Gloucester, the other at Smithfield. The most striking monument is that to the memory of the poet Gower: it is a rich Gothic shrine. The monument over the ashes of the amiable Bishop Launcelot Andrews is in the Ladye Chapel. The dramatist, Massinger, is buried in the Churchyard: the quaint inscription reads—

"1639—Philip Massinger, Stranger."

intimating that he was a non-parishioner. Another dramatist, Fletcher, also lies here; he was the son of a bishop, and died of the plague in 1625. There are some curious epitaphs to be seen here; the following is inscribed on the monument of Richard Humble, his two wives and children:

"Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day:
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done;
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies."

The Globe Theatre, Bankside, was the well-known theatre of Shakespeare. It was built in 1594, and was of a hexagonal shape without, and open to the weather, except that part of it immediately above the stage, which was thatched. The interior was circular. In 1613 it was destroyed by fire. It was subsequently rebuilt "at the great charge of King James, and many noblemen, and others." The theatre so intimately connected with Shakespeare and the history of our literature was pulled down in 1644.

Near the Globe Theatre were the Bear Gardens, where Elizabeth and her nobles and ladies used to solace their tender sensibilities with the elegant pastime of bear-hunting. Two other early dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, also lived in this neighborhood; the mortal remains of Massinger

and Fletcher rest within the time-honored walls of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

The seven large casks at Messrs. Barclays' brewery, known as the "Seven Sisters," hold each three thousand six hundred barrels, or one hundred and twenty-nine thousand six hundred gallons, making in all nine hundred and seven thousand two hundred gallons, and these are frequently emptied in three days! The mention of Barclay and Perkins at once reminds us of the demonstration recently made by the brewers of malt on the person of the tyrant Haynau, and his inglorious retreat.

Over the gateway of a dilapidated hostelry, on the east side of High-street, Southwark, was to be seen till within the last twelve or fourteen years, the following inscription: "This is the Inne where Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, and the nine and twenty pilgrims laye, in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383,"—the identical "Tabard Inne," immortalised by Chaucer, and whence the jovial troop of pilgrims sallied forth to perform their devotions at the shrine of St. Thomas à-Becket at Canterbury Cathedral. Chaucer thus alludes to the Tabard:—

> "Befell that in that season on that day,
> In Southwerke at the Tabberd as I lay,
> Ready to wendin on my pilgrimage
> To Canterbury,

The state array, and number, and the cause,
Why that assembled was this companie
In Southwerke, at this gentil hostelrie,
That hight, The Tabbarde, faste by the Belle."

South-east of London Bridge once stood Bermondsey Abbey, founded in 1082. Within its walls Katherine, widow of Henry V., sought an asylum from the cares of the world, and here she ultimately breathed her last: as did also Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV. Her memorable story—the tale of her romantic marriage, the mysterious fate of her children in the Tower, and her own intrigues against Richard III., are well known.

Thomas Guy, the founder of the Hospital named after him, was the son of a lighterman of Horsleydown, and born in 1644. He was brought up to the business of a bookseller, and enjoyed a lucrative trade by dealing largely in the importation of Bibles from Holland, and afterwards contracting with Oxford for those printed at that University; but his principal gains arose from the disreputable purchase of seamen's prize tickets, and jobbing in South Sea stock. By these means, joined to most penurious habits, he amassed a fortune of nearly half a million sterling, of which he spent about £200,000 in building and endowing the Hospital in Southwark, which bears his name.

Returning over London Bridge the first object that prominently arrests our attention is the Monument.

The Monument, erected in commemoration of the Great Fire, is a fluted column over two hundred feet high, and is ascended by an interior staircase. The Urn on the top is forty-five feet in height. In the days when Titus Oates inspired such terror of the Papists, an inscription was placed on the pedestal, ascribing the origin of the fire of 1666 to Popish influence; this, however, has been satirised in the well-known lines of Pope:

> "Where London's Column, pointing to the skies,
> Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies."

Some half a dozen persons have adopted the expedient of terminating their existence by a leap from the top of the Monument; the latest instance was that of a girl of seventeen, who precipitated herself from the dizzy height, August, 1842.

Passing up Thames-street—narrow, dark, and dingy—we come in view of Billingsgate—one of the ancient water-gates, or ports of London. It is situate between the Custom-House and London Bridge. According to antiquarians, it has derived its name from Belin, King of the Britons, who

flourished about 450 B. C. The toll-rates in Saxon days, were, for small crafts, one half-penny; large boats, with sails, one penny; ships, four pennies. It has been subsequently "a free market for all manner of floating and shell-fish." Fish-street Hill is adjacent, and also Friday-street —on Friday was the great fish-sale in Catholic times; they retain their names from this circumstance. Many of the churches erected by Sir Christopher Wren are in this vicinity; among the number, that of St. Michael. In the church-yard was to be seen the following quaint laconic epitaph:

"Here lieth, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray:
I have no more to say!"

In the church of St. Mary at Hill, Billingsgate, Dr. Young, the poet, was married; and beneath the chancel, Brand, the author of "The Popular Antiquities," is interred: he was rector of this church. The New Coal Exchange stands opposite: the annual value of coal imported into London is about £4,000,000 sterling!

The long stone edifice known as the Custom House is worthy of note, especially on account of its "Long Room," which measures nearly two hundred feet in length. It is estimated that

nearly one half the Customs of the United Kingdom are here collected; those received at the Port of London averaging about £20,000,000 sterling. It was on the Quay fronting the Custom House that the melancholy Cowper once contemplated suicide.

The Tower of London—the most ancient of its edifices—with its grim battlements and frowning towers, now looms in view. Of Tower Hill we have a few things to note by the way.

William Penn was born in the parish of St. Catherine, Tower Hill, on the 14th of October, 1644. He was subsequently twice imprisoned in the Tower for his religious opinions. During the time that her husband was a prisoner in the Tower we find Lady Raleigh fixing her residence on Tower Hill. In Little Tower-street, Thomson was residing in 1726; and here he wrote part of his "Seasons," —*Summer*. On the west side of Tower Hill is the ancient church of Allhallows, Barking. Hither were conveyed the headless remains of more than one illustrious person after decapitation. This antique edifice stands on the spot, if it does not indeed include part of the church founded by Richard Cœur de Lion. It has been the favorite resort of successive princes; among others, Edward the First was accustomed here to offer his devotions. When he was Prince of Wales, it is recorded, that, assured

Custom House.

by a vision that he should be victorious over all nations, on condition that he should erect an image to the Virgin, and pay his adorations to her there, five times every year—the superstitious prince religiously obeyed the injunctions of the vision; and when subsequently one military success followed another, "Our Ladye of Barking" grew into such great repute, that pilgrims flocked to her shrine with rich presents from all parts of England.

Richard the Third restored this chapel, and founded a college; this latter, however, was suppressed in 1548.

Tower Hill is rife with many a mournful memory. It was here the wise and witty Sir Thomas More; the great Protector, Duke of Somerset; the accomplished Earl of Surrey; the lofty Strafford; the venerable Laud; the patriot Sidney; and the gay and graceful Duke of Monmouth, forfeited their lives, as well as numerous other distinguished personages whose names figure prominently on the scroll of English history. Among a host of scarcely less illustrious characters who perished by the hand of the executioner on Tower Hill, may be mentioned Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, son of the false and perjured Clarence; the handsome and accomplished adventurer, Perkin Warbeck; the gallant Sir William Stanley, who placed the crown on the

head of Henry the Seventh, on the field of Bosworth; the powerful Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the successor of Wolsey in the favor of Henry the Eighth; George Lord Rochford, brother of Anne Boleyn; Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole; the ambitious Lord Seymour of Sudeley, uncle to Edward the Sixth, and brother to the Protector Somerset; the turbulent John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; Sir Thomas Wyatt; Lord Guildford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Grey; her father, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk; Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, the ambitious lover of Mary Queen of Scots; the crafty visionary, Sir Henry Vane; William Howard, Earl of Stafford, condemned on the false evidence of Titus Oates; Sir John Fenwick; the gallant Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater; and lastly, the infamous Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat.

But it is not entirely from the illustrious blood with which it has been drenched, that Tower Hill derives its interest. Here, at a cutler's stall, the assassin Felton purchased the knife which cut short the life of the Duke of Buckingham; and here at the sign of the "Bull," died, in extreme poverty, the unfortunate dramatic poet, Thomas Otway: — "He died," says Dr. Johnson, "in a manner I am

unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public house on Tower Hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighboring Coffee House, asked him for a shilling; and Otway, going away bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful." Such, at the age of thirty-three, is said to have been the fate of the author of "Venice Preserved."

Let us now take a brief survey of the Tower: this ancient pile, once the bulwark of London, as well as the prison-house of its secret crimes, has been alternately the residence and prison of royal and noble personages for a thousand years.

William the Conqueror built that portion of the Tower of London known as the White Tower. The history of this notable structure is rife with events of thrilling interest. As a palace and a prison it is more memorable than as a fortress. The historic details of the Tower, indeed, form a prominent feature in many chapters of the history of England, and we can scarcely venture even to refer to them

by name. While the barons were waiting for the royal signature to the Magna Charta, the Tower was held in trust by the Archbishop of Canterbury. During the victorious reign of Edward III., among its illustrious inmates were the crowned heads of France and Scotland. It was also within its dreaded walls that the conference was held by Richard II. and the leaders of the insurrection of Gloucester, and the Tower was vigorously besieged in the sanguinary conflicts of the Houses of York and Lancaster; while during the civil war, it was successively occupied by the contending parties. From the Tower, too, Royal processions and pageants usually proceeded, as late as the times of James II. Among the most costly of these may be mentioned the coronation pageants of the haughty Elizabeth and the profligate Charles. It was in a cell on the first floor of the White Tower that Sir Walter Raleigh, it is said, wrote his "History of the World." On the interior of the walls of this Tower are still to be seen the melancholy mementos of terrible sufferings. One of the most affecting is that of a hapless lady, who records the sad story of her twelve years' incarceration—it is signed A. W.; an inscription over the door-way of the cell reads as follows: "He that indureth to the ende shall be saved. M. 10. R. Rvdston Dar Kent. ano.

The Tower of London.

1553;" and yet another, "Be faithful unto the deth and I will give the a crowne of life. T. Fane, 1554;" and beneath it, "T. Culpepper of Darford."

The Chapel erected in the reign of Edward I., and dedicated to St. Peter and Vincula, possesses great interest, from its being the cemetery where so many noble and worthy personages at last found repose after suffering from the cruelties of the tyrant Henry VIII. The gentle Anne Boleyn slept here, beside her noble brother Lord Richford; also Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and Sir Thomas More.

The Tower has been designated by the poet Gray, as—

> "London's lasting shame
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

How many have been the noble and heroic victims of state intolerance, cupidity, and mistaken zeal! One of these was the martyred Ticheborne, who, though he refused to connect himself with the conspiracy for the assassination of Elizabeth, yet fell a sacrifice to suspicion. His pathetic verses penned just prior to his execution, are as follow:

> "My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
> My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
> My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
> And all my goods are but vain hopes of gain.

The day is fled, and yet I saw the sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past and yet I am but young,
I saw the world, and I was not seen:
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done."

The principal parts of the Tower usually inspected by visitors, are the Armory, containing equestrian figures in armor, from the reign of Edward I. to James II.; Queen Elizabeth's Armory, which is situated in the White Tower, and was the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh and others, during the reign of Queen Mary; the "Regalia," or royal jewels, contained in another apartment, are estimated at three millions sterling. St. Edward's Crown was made for the coronation of Charles II., and has been since used at the coronation of all the Sovereigns of Great Britain since that period to our days. This Crown is identically the same that Blood stole from the Tower, May 9, 1671. The new crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, is a purple velvet cap, enclosed by hoops of silver, and studded with a great quantity of diamonds. The upper part is composed of an orb,

adorned with precious stones, and surmounted by a cross. Amongst these diamonds is a magnificent ruby, worn by the Black Prince, and a sapphire of matchless beauty. The value of this crown is calculated at £111,900. Think of a space of two feet square representing property to the value of $15,000,000. These are magnificent baubles to gaze upon, but what vast benefit might be conferred upon the poor Spitalfields weavers were this amount devoted to their urgent necessities! In the Record Office are kept the rolls from the time of King John to the reign of Richard III.

At Queenhithe lived Tom Hill, as he was familiarly called. He died in 1840. This singular character, when in business at the unlettered Queenhithe, found leisure to accumulate a fine collection of books, chiefly old poetry; which afterwards, when misfortune overtook him, was valued at £6000. Hill was like a Mæcenas; he patronised two friendless poets, Bloomfield and Kirke White. "The Farmer's Boy" of the former was read and admired by him in manuscript, and was recommended to a publisher. Hill also established the "Monthly Mirror," to which Kirke White was a contributor. Hill was the Hull of Hook's "Gilbert Gurney." He happened to know everything that was going on in all circles.

East Smithfield was the birthplace of Spencer, author of "The Faërie Queene."

The Royal Mint, on Tower Hill, is worthy of a visit on account of the various ingenious processes connected with coining which are carried on in that establishment. Sixty or seventy sixpences are struck in one minute, and other coins with similar rapidity. The present master of the Mint is Sir G. W. Herschel, the astronomer; Sir Isaac Newton once held the same office.

CHAPTER X.

Street Organists—The Thames Tunnel—London Docks—Deptford and Woolwich—Greenwich Hospital—Crutched Friars—The Minories—Lord Cobham—East Smithfield—Ratcliffe Highway—Aldgate—Whitechapel—Bishopsgate-street—Crosby Hall—St. Giles's, Cripplegate—Barbican—Moorfields—Finsbury-square—Bunhill Fields—Battle-bridge—Old St. Pancras—Islington—Canonbury House—Collins's House—Charles Lamb's Cottage—Chalk Farm—St. James's Chapel—Hampstead—Kensal Green Cemetery—Highgate—Harrow-on-the-Hill—Aylesbury-street, Clerkenwell—Anecdote of Thomas Britton—Old-street-road—St. Botolph's Church—Little Britain and its booksellers—The Post Office.

WE introduce our itinerant organist in this part of the City to the reader, not because this class of noisy street musicians is more numerous in any particular district, they abound in all the streets of the Metropolis.

But let us say a word or two respecting the Thames and its memories.

Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond, and her body was brought with great pomp by water to Whitehall. The following far-fetched conceit is by a quaint contemporary poet:—

"The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall:
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall:
More clung about the barge; fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swam blind after."

Cowley died at Chertsey, on the Thames, and his body was carried by water to Whitehall; Pope, in his "Windsor Forest," thus refers to it:—

"Oh, early lost! what tears the river shed
When the sad pomp along his banks was led."

Nelson's body was brought in great state by water from Greenwich to Whitehall. State prisoners, committed from the Council Chamber to the Tower or the Fleet, were invariably taken by water. The Thames, that carried, in the reign of James II., the seven bishops to the Tower, was made the repository of the Great Seal of England, which James, in his flight, threw into the river, while crossing in a small boat from Millbank to Lambeth. It was accidentally fished up a few months after.

The Thames Tunnel, which is regarded as a triumph of skill rather than as a work of real utility, is yet an object of especial interest to the lovers of the marvellous. The Tunnel is one thousand three hundred feet in length, with two arched passages of massive brick-work, sixteen feet four inches wide each, and a path of three feet wide for foot-passengers.

The London Docks are among the marvels of the Metropolis, also the Dockyards of Deptford and Woolwich. The military establishment at the latter town affords accommodation for four thousand men. The area of the Arsenal includes no less than twenty-four thousand pieces of ordnance, and three millions of cannon balls, piled up in huge pyramids. Greenwich Hospital, a splendid edifice, occupying a terrace of eight hundred feet, is an asylum for disabled seamen; it is of remote origin, having been a royal residence as early as 1300. The astronomical observatory, on Greenwich Hill, from which longitudes are reckoned, was founded by Charles II. Henry VII. resided much at the palace of Greenwich, and here his son and successor was born. Edward VI. ended his short reign at Greenwich; Queens Mary and Elizabeth were both born here, and the latter selected it as her favorite summer residence. Charles II. commenced the erection of the present palace, and in the year 1696 Sir Christopher Wren enlarged and completed it. The most noble apartment is the Great Hall, which is adorned with the paintings of Sir James Thornhill. There is an incident related of this eminent artist which may not be familiar to the reader. During the progress of his splendid painting of the ceiling, a visitor on one occasion ascended the plat-

form; and while in the act of indicating its beauties, the artist kept receding, in order to judge of the effect of the painting, till at length he reached to the very verge of the scaffolding. Seeing his imminent peril, his friend instantly caught the paint-brush, and rushing forward, daubed the picture. The act startled the painter, and hastily drew him from the spot, which saved his life. The number of Greenwich pensioners is about three thousand. They seem to have a pleasant time of it, having nothing to do but to smoke their pipes, and rehearse long yarns to each other of their early exploits. Nelson is the tutular deity; and if they are dismembered of a limb, they exhibit the wooden stump as a trophy of their heroism. The revenue of Greenwich Hospital is stated at £130,000. The view from Greenwich Park is most magnificent. Here the river is very wide, and sinuous in its course till it reaches the City, which bounds the picture on the west. One-Tree Hill is a bold projection in Greenwich Park, from which the eye rests upon clumps of rich foliage, deep hollows, and embowering dells. This park is of sylvan beauty, and one of the great pleasure resorts of the Londoners. We must now, however, transport the reader back again to the City, as we have many things of note yet to indicate, which claim our notice.

We recommence our street wanderings with Seething-lane, anciently Sidon-lane. In former times, several distinguished personages resided here; among others, Pepys. Crutched Friars, or Crossed Friars, is so called from the brotherhood founded about 1300, and styled *Fratres Sanctæ Crucis.* The members of this order were decorated with a red cross on their garments, and carried an iron one in their hand. To the west of Mark-lane and Crutched Friars is the Minories, once occupied by Nuns of the Order of St. Clair. A convent was founded here in 1293. This edifice subsequently became the residence of the unfortunate Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded for his attempt to raise his daughter, Lady Jane Gray, to the throne.

It was in a wretched hovel in the Minories that Lord Cobham, once the possessor of a princely fortune, and the last descendant of an illustrious race, closed his life in poverty. Having been sentenced to death with Lord Grey, of Wilton, for their participation in the alleged conspiracy of Sir Walter Raleigh, they were led to the scaffold, without any apparent prospect of a reprieve. Almost at the moment, however, when they were about to lay their heads upon the block, the intelligence came that their lives were spared. Lord

Grey died in prison, and his ill-fated companion in the miserable tenement of his former laundress. His wife, Lady Cobham, although living in affluence at the time, is said to have refused him the means of procuring a crust of bread or a clean shirt! Eastward from the Minories (which we might mention, in passing, is now occupied by Jews and dealers in second-hand clothes,) is Goodman's Fields, the site of a Roman burial-place—which derives its name from one Goodman, who owned the estate in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The celebrated tragedian, David Garrick, performed at the theatre in this vicinity, before crowded audiences of the *beau monde*. Crossing Rosemary-lane, we pass into East-Smithfield: here it is that Edmund Spenser, the poet, first saw the light.

From East-Smithfield we pass into the ancient village of Ratcliffe-Highway, so named in consequence of the red cliff which was once visible there. In 1814, this place was rendered notorious as being the scene of the fearful massacre of the Marr and Williamson families which, at the time, spread consternation throughout the metropolis, never surpassed by any similar atrocities. These families were murdered at midnight, and the perpetrators of the crimes were never detected. Near Aldgate Pump lived the renowned antiquary,

Stowe, the historian of the metropolis. D'Israeli says of him:—"His stupendous collections in his own hand-writing still exist, to provoke the feeble industry of modern literary loiterers." Spenser was accustomed to repair to the library of the great literary antiquary; yet in the latter part of his life so reduced was he in his circumstances, that he had to petition James I. for "a license to collect alms for himself," as a recompense for his forty-five years' labor and travel in collecting the chronicles of England, and eight years in making the survey of the City of London. He died in 1605, at the age of eighty, and was buried in the neighboring church of St. Andrew Undershaft. Adjoining Aldgate is Whitechapel, with its Church of St. Mary Mat-felon. In this churchyard was buried Richard Brandon, the reputed executioner of Charles the First. Beneath a house at the south-east corner of Leadenhall-street may be seen the remains of the once magnificent Priory of the Holy Trinity. Of the lordly prior of this monastery, Stowe says, "He kept a most beautiful house of meat and drink, both for rich and poor, as well within the house as at the gates, to all comers, according to their estates."

Bishopsgate-street derives its name from one of the ancient city gates, said to have been originally

built in 680, by Erkenwald, Bishop of London. Till recently, several antique houses existed in this locality, of which but two or three remain. Crosby Hall, a well-known and beautiful relic of antiquity, is situated in Crosby Place, near by. It was in this Hall Sir Thomas More wrote "Utopia," and here the great Sully lodged for a time. Crosby Hall is all that remains of an ancient magnificent palace, once the residence of Richard III. Although four centuries old, the splendid roof and windows of this glorious old mansion are as fresh as ever. Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, occupied a noble mansion in Crosby Place. At his death it was converted into a college, which he endowed. This wealthy knight is said to have possessed no less a sum than £236,000. He was liberal as he was rich, having given at one time towards the repairs of St. Paul's £19,000! To the east of Crosby-square stands the ancient church of St. Helen's the Great. The interior of this remarkable church is more picturesque than the exterior. It abounds with altar-tombs more than any other church in London. These monuments are singularly interesting, as affording glimpses both of the sculpture and customs of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries. Sir Thomas Gresham's monument is among the number. The in-

scription is remarkable for its simplicity, recording merely the name of the deceased, and the date of his birth and death. St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, which was founded in 1030, is situated just without the London Wall, of which a portion remains on the south side of the churchyard. For many years the exact resting-place of Milton was undiscovered; but tradition has, notwithstanding, the faithful record, which is corroborated by the entry of the parish register, which is as follows:—"12th November, 1674, John Milton, gentleman, consumption, chancell." On the 4th of August, 1790, a search was made for the remains of the great poet, and his coffin was found under the spot indicated. Cripplegate is memorable for its great antiquity and historical associations; and also on account of the many illustrious personages who have been buried within its walls; among their number, John Fox, the Martyrologist, who died 1587. It was at the altar of this church that Oliver Cromwell was married to Elizabeth Bourchier. In Jerome-street Chapel is preserved John Bunyan's Pulpit. Milton's reconciliation with his first wife took place at his house in Barbican, in 1646. The name is said to have derived its origin from the ancient Burgh-Kenning, or watch tower, which formerly stood near Aldersgate.

Passing on to Moorfields, we reach Finsbury-square. In the time of Pepys, and even as far back as the 12th century, this was the favorite place of recreation for the citizens of London. The pastimes of those days are graphically described in the "Fortunes of Nigel." This locality derives its name from the great fen or moor which watered the City on the north. Arrangements are now made for completing the purchase of one hundred and fifty acres for Finsbury Park, at a cost of £150,000. Adjoining Finsbury-square, in Artillery Place, Bunhill-row, is the house in which Milton completed his "Paradise Lost," and in which he breathed his last, in 1674. We learn from Phillips, his biographer and nephew, that, in summer weather, the great poet used to sit at the door of his house, in a coarse gray cloak, to enjoy the fresh air, and in this manner he received the visits of persons of rank and genius. On the west side of the Artillery Ground may be seen Bunhill-fields—one of the sacred spots of earth, in which lie clustered the remains of the great and good of past days. It is called, technically, the "Dissenters' Burying Ground." "Honest John Bunyan;" Dr. Watts; Dr. Goodwin, who attended Cromwell on his death-bed; George Fox, the founder of the Quakers; De Foe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe;" Dunton,

the bookseller; Dr. Abraham Rees, editor of the "Cyclopædia;" Ritson, the antiquary; Horne Tooke; and Thomas Stothard, the royal academician; with many others of the illustrious dead, all share their "long repose" in these hallowed precincts. Nearly opposite Bunhill-fields is the "Tabernacle," Moorfields. Here the celebrated John Wesley preached, and here he was buried.

Battle-bridge, now called King's Cross, is said to have been the site of the battle in which Boadicea was the heroine. Here also took place a conflict between King Alfred and the Danes. Oliver Cromwell had an observatory near this spot.

Old St. Pancras, built in the twelfth century, is one of the churches mentioned in the Doomsday survey. The Churchyard is small, but excessively crowded with ancient monuments, the majority being Catholic. Among the distinguished names will be found recorded that of the celebrated writer Mary Woolstonecraft, and Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams;" and the Corsican General, Paoli; the mother of Shelley; Walker, the lexicographer; Woodhead, the reputed author of the "Whole Duty of Man;" Ward, author of the "London Spy," etc.

Stretching northward is Islington, where lived Sir Walter Raleigh; William Collins, the poet,

whom Johnson visited here in his retirement, and thus describes his interview:—"There was nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to school; when his friend took it in his hand, out of curiosity, to see what companion a man of letters had chosen: 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but that is the best.'" Oliver Goldsmith; Colley Cibber; and Alexander Cruden, author of the "Concordance," who was found dead on his knees in the posture of prayer, also resided here. His house was in Camden-passage. Canonbury-house, not far from the church, was a residence of Queen Elizabeth, and was built by Henry VIII. A tower, fifty-eight feet high, still remains, as well as the old walls of the gardens. It once belonged to the priors of St. Bartholomew.

Nichols, the author of "Literary Anecdotes," lived in Highbury Place. In Colbrooke-row, near the New River, lived Charles Lamb. It is thus pleasantly described by his own pen in one of his letters:—

"When you come Londonward, you will find me no longer in Covent Garden; I have a cottage in Colbrook-row, Islington; a cottage, for it is de-

tached, a white house with six good rooms in it; the New River (rather elderly by this time) runs close to the foot of the house; and behind it a spacious garden with vines, pears, strawberries, parsnips, leeks, carrots, and cabbages, to delight the heart of old Alcinous. You enter without passage into a cheerful dining-room, all studded over and rough with old books; and above is a lightsome drawing room, its windows full of choice prints. I feel like a great lord, never having had a house before."

Chalk Farm is the noted place for duels. Moore and Jeffreys fought here on account of an article in the "Edinburgh Review," which Byron satirises in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Continuing our way northward we arrrive at Hampstead, the scene of Lord George Gordon's Popery Riots. In the churchyard of St. James's Chapel are buried Morland, the painter; and Lord George Gordon. In a narrow street on the left, at No. 10, lived Wilkie; here he painted his "Blind Fiddler." Near by is "Jack Straw's Castle." The view of London from Hampstead Heath is very imposing. Kensal Green Cemetery is well worthy of a visit. Here are the tombs of the following celebrated individuals. The Duke of Sussex—the brightest ornament of the family of George III. and

an eminent book collector, whose library contained about three thousand different editions of the Bible in various languages. In the same mausoleum is buried his sister, the Princess Sophia; it is near the Chapel of the cemetery. Here also are buried Lockhart and his wife, daughter of Sir Walter Scott; Allan Cunningham, the author; John Murray, the publisher, and friend of Byron; Rev. Sydney Smith; Thomas Barnes, the well-known editor of the "Times;" Hood, the poet and punster; Liston, the comedian; Loudon, the laborious author of works on Agriculture; Sir A. Callcot, the landscape painter; Dr Birkbeck; Sir W. Beattie, Nelson's surgeon at Trafalgar; Thomas Daniell, the landscape painter; etc.

Highgate was the residence of Coleridge, and also of the elder Mathews, the comedian. We should not omit to mention Harrow-on-the-Hill, with its pointed church spire looking so picturesque in the distance; at the celebrated school here many eminent men were educated—Lord Byron, Sheridan, Parr, Sir Robert Peel, etc.

In Aylesbury-street, Clerkenwell, resided the eccentric bibliomaniac, Thomas Britton. This curious character lived in the Augustan age of Queen Anne. He came to London from a northern county, and, after serving an humble

apprenticeship, embarked in business as a kind of costermonger; he was in the habit of actually crying his coal about the streets. His attire was a Guernsey frock; he carried a black sack on his shoulders, and a coal measure in his hands. One day, passing nigh the house of Woollaston, the painter, in Warwick-lane, Britton, being in his work-a-day attire, gave out lustily his well-known cry of "Small Coal." Woollaston's attention was attracted, and he recognised in the voice that of his musical acquaintance, Britton, whom he had never seen in the pursuit of his ordinary trade. The artist at once beckoned Britton in, and there and then took his portrait as he sat—a veritable itinerant coal-dealer. But we must notice the small-coal man under his bibliopole phase. A bibliomania raged among Queen Anne's nobility. The Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, and Winchelsea, and the Duke of Devonshire, were among the smitten. These personages, on Saturdays, during the winter season, used to resort to the city, and there separating, take several routes to the booksellers' shops in different parts of the town, to search out old volumes and MSS. Some time before noon, they would assemble at the shop of Christopher Bateman, a bookseller, at the corner of Ave-Maria-lane, in Paternoster-row,

where they were frequently met by other persons engaged in the same pursuit, and a conversation commenced on the subject of their purchases. As nearly as possible to the hour of twelve, by St. Paul's clock, Britton, (who by that time had finished his rounds,) clad in his blue frock, and pitching his sack of small coal on the bulk of Mr. Bateman's shop window, used to go in and join them. After about an hour's chat, the noblemen adjourned to the "Mourning Bush" Tavern, at Aldersgate (probably the site of the present Albion Tavern), where they dined, and spent the remainder of the day.

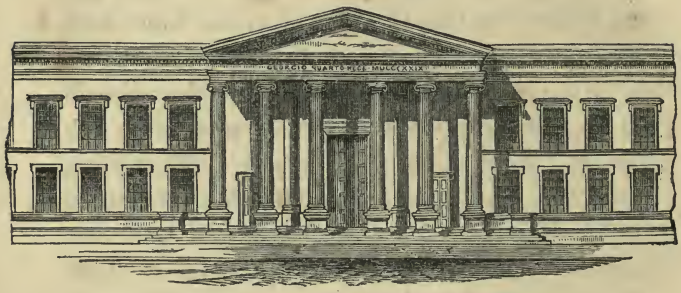
The Cross Keys Inn, on the east side of John-street, Clerkenwell, was a favorite haunt of Richard Savage. Old-street was so called from its having been the old highway from the city to the north-east. Psalmanazar, who invented a language which puzzled the learned of his day, lived in this street. He used to meet Johnson and others at a public-house here. When Johnson was asked whether he ever contradicted Psalmanazar, he replied "Sir, I should as soon have contradicted a bishop."

On the north side of St. Botolph's Church, to the south of which stood Aldersgate, is Little Britain, which derives its name from having been the

residence of the Dukes of Bretagne. Previous to the booksellers occupying Paternoster-row, Little Britain was the great literary emporium. One Chiswell, resident here in 1711, was the metropolitan bookseller, the "Longman" of his time: and here lived Rawlinson ("Tom Folio" of "The Tatler," No. 158), who stuffed four chambers in Gray's Inn so full, that his bed was removed into the passage. John Day, the famous early printer, lived "over Aldersgate." Milton and the learned pundits of his day were frequenters of this once classic site. Franklin also lodged in this street when he worked as journeyman in Bartholomew Close. Here, at the beginning of the last century, resided a celebrated publisher, John Dunton, who is called by his biographer "the most eminent in his profession in the three kingdoms, who well deserves the title of Metropolitan Bookseller in England. He has not been known to print either a bad book, or on bad paper." His "Life and Errors" may derive some qualification by the admission of the above-named fact, since it can be predicated of but few of his craft.

The Post-Office, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, is a noble edifice, from the designs of Smirke. The statistics of this establishment are startling for their magnitude—its number of clerks and letter-carriers

amounting to about ten thousand persons in England and Wales, and about three thousand additional in Scotland and Ireland. The number of



letters delivered in 1848 was estimated at three hundred and twenty-nine millions, and the ratio since then has been on the increase. Since the reduction of postage, effected by Mr. Rowland Hill, it is computed that the number of letters has been more than quadrupled.

CHAPTER XI.

Christ's Hospital—St. John's Gate—Pie Corner—Smithfield—St. Bartholomew's Church and Hospital—Ely Place and House—Hatton Garden—Edward Irving—St. Andrew's Church—The Blue Boar—Fleur-de-lys Court—Dwelling-place of Dryden—Thomas Chatterton—Gray's Inn and its distinguished residents—Red Lion-street—Holborn—Black-Letter Booksellers—Great Queen-street—Anecdote of Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller—Leicester-square—St. Anne's Church, Soho—Prince's-street—Argyll-street—Conduit-street—George-street, Hanover-square—Bond-street—Brooke-street—The Coliseum.

CHRIST'S Hospital, or the Blue Coat School, founded by Edward VI., is still one of the most eminent seats of learning in the British Metropolis. It has produced many distinguished men, among them Bishop Stillingfleet; Charles Lamb; Leigh Hunt; William Camden, author of the "Britannia;" Samuel Richardson, author of "Clarissa Harlowe;" Coleridge, the poet, etc. There is perhaps no spot in London which has witnessed so much dreary horror as the ground occupied by the Charter House. In its precincts lie the remains of no fewer than 100,000 human beings who fell victims to the Plague which devastated the Metro-

polis in the reign of Edward III.; and which, according to Stowe, nearly decimated the inhabitants. This edifice is of great antiquity, and has been variously occupied, as a monastery, a royal and noble residence, and an endowed school. The pensioners on this establishment are eighty "decayed gentlemen" and forty-four scholars. Queen Elizabeth visited the Charter House on more than one occasion; and that worthy non-conformist, Richard Baxter, breathed his last in one of its apartments, in 1691.

Among the celebrated scholars who emanated from this school are the following:—Tooke, the author of "The Pantheon;" Addison; Steele; John Wesley; Bagford, the antiquary, originally a shoemaker and afterwards a bookseller, and whose "History of Printing" forms part of the Harleian Collection, in the British Museum; Isaac Barrow, the divine, who was celebrated at school for his love of fighting; Sir William Blackstone, author of the "Commentaries;" Joseph Addison; Sir C. L. Eastlake, R. A.; the two eminent historians of Greece, Bishop Thirlwall and George Grote, Esq.

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, one of the oldest relics of London, is still standing. It is full of historic associations, and the literary antiquary

will remember that the first number of "The Gentleman's Magazine," the earliest publication of its class, was issued from this place. Boswell speaks of the "reverence" with which Johnson gazed upon the antique pile. There was an ancient order connected with this gate, called the Knights of St. John, who were accustomed to regale themselves with beer and tobacco, yet they were very rigid in the observance of their devotions, and zealous in the defence of Christianity against Paganism.

John Bunyan died, in 1688, at the house of his friend, Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the sign of the "Star," on Snow-Hill. Pie Corner, West Smithfield, was the place where the Fire of 1666 ceased; it began at Pudding Lane—a strange coincidence of names, since the calamity was occasioned, it is affirmed, by the sin of gluttony. There is an allusion in the Roxburgh Ballads to Pie Corner, in this wise:

> "Next day I through Pie Corner past;
> The roast meat on the stall
> Invited me to take a taste:
> My money was but small."

Smithfield, corrupted from Smooth-field, naturally brings to the mind scenes of deep and stirring

interest. In early times it was the site of tilts and tournaments, subsequently it witnessed the pains and heroism of martyrdom—the noble victims of Popish cruelty. The Tower of St. Bartholomew's Church, which is still standing at the eastern corner of Smithfield, was illumined by the flames kindled for those illustrious confessors, of whom the world was not worthy, one of the earliest being the amiable and high-minded Anne Askew. St. Bartholomew's, which is believed to have been used secretly by the Reformers of the 16th century, from its having subterranean chambers, occupies the site of the Priory founded by Rahere, the minstrel, in the reign of Henry II., who granted him the privilege of holding a fair, yearly, at Bartholomew-tide, for three days. Smithfield is thus rendered remarkable for its annual fair, about which the less said the better, for it is distinguished by its mummeries and its mountebanks. Rahere, the prior, built this church in consequence of a nocturnal vision which visited him, instructing him, in the name of the saint, to do so. There is a monument erected to his memory within the church.

The last person who suffered was Bartholomew Leggett, who was burnt for denying the Athanasian and Nicene creeds. The space in the centre of the pens, and facing the gate of St. Bartholomew's

St. Bartholomew's Church.

Hospital, where the martyrs were consumed by flame, was long clearly indicated, being near a large board; the ground about the stake was paved with stones, circularly placed.

On the north side of Holborn Hill are Ely-place and Hatton Garden,—the former deriving its name from the episcopal palace of the bishops of Ely—the latter from the adjoining residence of Sir Christopher Hatton, the graceful courtier and eminent statesman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Ely House, in the days of its splendor, was very stately: the grounds covered twenty acres. It was founded in 1290, and was the scene of some stirring events. Here "old John o' Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," breathed his last, and according to Shakespeare, admonishing his dissipated nephew, Richard II. Here too, says Holinshed, "did assemble that memorable council, and was enacted the terrible drama which was followed by the arrest of Lord Stanley, and of Jane Shore, the execution of Lord Hastings, and the dethronement and death of the ill-fated Edward the Fifth!" Here also took place some royal entertainments, and among the number that at which Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon sat as guests, which lasted five days. The last "mystery," or sacred drama, represented in England, that of "Christ's Passion," was, it is said, per-

formed at Ely House in the reign of James the First. Sir Christopher Hatton breathed his last in Hatton House, dying, it is reported, of a broken heart, in consequence of his being unable to repay £40,000 which Queen Elizabeth formerly lent him, and which she had pressed him to return. In Cross-street, Hatton Garden, lived the eminent divine, Whiston; and here, also, in modern times, shone, for a season, that "bright particular star"—that theological Demosthenes—Edward Irving, whose brief but brilliant career as a pulpit orator for a time made this obscure nook the resort of the wealth and fashion of the metropolis. It was here Irving presented his most striking and imposing air of originality, both as to his *physique* and his gigantic powers. Erect and stately in his bearing, his tall figure and most expressive features shrouded by masses of long black hair, parted on the forehead and flowing down his back, he looked like one of the olden time,—reminding us of those magnates of apostolic mould and mien, whose names shine so lustrously over the mediæval history of the Church. The flashing glance of his piercing dark eye, in its "fine frenzy rolling," at once proclaimed him to be of no ordinary standard; and when the energy of his soul was kindled up, such was the witchery of his fervid and impassioned appeals,

that multitudes were held spell-bound by his utterance, with an inexpressible fascination. His discourses partook more of the epic than the sermon; modelled closely from the great masters in theology, he possessed not only their quaint beauty of diction, but also their rich poetic imagery and illustration, as well as their masterly logic. His terrible denunciations against the vices incident to the higher ranks of society were hurled with fearless intrepidity, and often were these rebukes thundered in their very ears. In this respect he seemed to resemble the invincible John Knox. Yet did the aristocracy crowd his chapel to such a degree as almost to exclude everybody else; Brougham, Canning, the Duke of York, Hazlitt, Kean, Wordsworth, and hosts of other celebrities were among his attendants.

St. Andrew's, Holborn, was erected by Wren, in 1686. The far-famed Sacheverel was once a rector of this church. The parish registers record the baptism and burial of two of our most unfortunate sons of song:—under the 18th of January, 1696-7, the baptism of Richard Savage; and under the 28th of August, 1770, the burial of Thomas Chatterton. In Holborn, between King-street and Southampton-street, lived Sir Kenelm Digby. The Blue Boar Inn, No. 270 High Holborn, is where a letter from Charles I. was intercepted by Cromwell and

Ireton, disguised as troopers. This letter is said to have determined the king's execution.

The thoroughfare formerly known as Fleur-de-lys Court, but now yclept Lion's Head Court, is celebrated for having been the dwelling-place of Dryden. The following quaint allusion to the act we cite from the admirable "Recreations of W. Zigzag the Elder:"—

"From Fetter-lane to Poet's Corner—toil, penury, and ignoble strife; with some brief glimpses of that thing by mortals called immortality;—the boon of the few really great, which men tardily award, some century or so after the grave has closed over them, and the mockery of marble has proclaimed that he who in vain asked bread has at least received a stone; where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest:' then do booksellers reckon the gain of new editions, by sums one tithe of which would have provided the author with something more than a clean shirt and a dinner; the former a luxury only to be enjoyed by the concession of a laundress, her temper growing shorter in proportion to the increasing longitude of her bill, and the latter partaken too often with the Barmecide, or at the hospitable board of Duke Humphrey; such in the days of the Second Charles, of blessed memory, was the fate of the poet dependant upon

the caprices of fashion for his daily bread, and somewhat like this was the fate of John Dryden, one who might have taken his place among the highest, had he not sought all too much the incense of the fleeting hour, and bought it at the dear cost of a poet's apotheosis:—'the head of the idol was gold, but his feet were of clay.' Fetter-lane, the scene where Dryden commenced his career, has maintained its original character in the name Fetter or Fewter Lane, which is thus described by Stowe:—'Fewter-Lane, which stretcheth south into Fleet-street, by the east end of St. Dunstan's Church, and is so called of Fewters (or idle people) lying there.' But in the poet's time this place of ill-omened designation had been improved by the erection of certain tenements of a more reputable aspect; in short, dwellings where a poet might starve genteely; and the house in question, if not among the most stately, is yet not devoid of a character somewhat ornamental, according to the taste of the time. The last nook, but that portion of a poet's domicile which is always visited with the greatest curiosity and veneration, is the uppermost story or garret. Somehow the notion of a poet's chamber is governed by an association of the ideas of flights of genius and flights of stairs. Yes, this obscure landing is certainly the vestibule

to the *sanctum sanctorum;* it is very dark, and the atmosphere is assuredly not that of myrrh and frankincense."

Adjacent to Furnival's Inn, Brooke-street, is an obscure grocery store, over which is the room where, after three days' starvation, poor Chatterton committed suicide. If ever so terrible a crime could admit of palliation, it must be under such distressing circumstances as his. We visited the spot as one of the shrines of ill-fated genius, after reading the deeply interesting memoirs of his sad and brief career, written by Cunningham. This house, we regret to learn, has recently been pulled down, to make way for modern improvements. The following particulars of his last hours we copy from the pen of one of his biographers:—

"His room when broken open was found covered with little scraps of paper. Mrs. Angel stated that for two days, when he did not absent himself from his room, he went without sustenance of any kind; on one occasion, when she knew him to be in want of food, she begged he would take a little dinner with her; he was offended at the invitation, and assured her he was not hungry. Mr. Cross, also, an apothecary in Brooke-street, gave evidence that he repeatedly pressed Chatterton to dine or sup with him; and when, with great diffi-

culty, he was one evening prevailed on to partake of a barrel of oysters, he was observed to eat most voraciously."

In the vicinity of Holborn is Gray's Inn. To the gateway of this Inn a certain interest attaches from its having been the site of the celebrated publishing establishment of Jacob Tonson, who appears to have resided here between the years 1697 and 1712, when he removed to a shop opposite Catherine-street, in the Strand. Tonson was succeeded in his shop by Osborne, whose name may be found in the "Dunciad." Osborne is perhaps best remembered for his well-known feud with Dr. Johnson. "It has been confidently related, with many embellishments," says Boswell, "that Johnson one day knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck. The simple truth I had from the Doctor himself—'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him: but it was not in his shop, it was in my own chamber.'" Johnson says of Osborne that he was destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty: and that he combined the most lamentable ignorance with expertness in all the petty tricks of trade.

Bacon, it will be remembered, resided in Gray's Inn; some of his essays were dated from

his "chamber in Graie's Inne." Here also dwelt the great statesman, Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex, who succeeded Wolsey in the favor of Henry, to whom Shakespeare makes the Cardinal address his famous apostrophe :—

> "Oh! Cromwell, Cromwell,
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my king, He would not in my age
> Have left me naked to my enemies."

The "great Lord Burghley;" Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury; and Monk, Duke of Albemarle, among statesmen; and Sir Philip Sydney; Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras;" Chapman, the translator of "Homer;" and Murphy, the translator of "Tacitus," in literature; were students of the society of Gray's Inn.

Among the records of the Rolls' Court, near Chancery-lane, are the following documents :—Roll of record of grants on parchment made by Henry VIII. to Robert Tirwhite to alienate certain estates in Westmoreland and Cumberland, to "Rudolph (Ralph) Washington and James Washington." This interesting document was first discovered, we believe, by Mr. Gardner Stow, of Troy, when on a visit in 1848. Dr. Sparks does not refer to it in his biography of Washington. There is another parchment in the Chapel of the

Rolls which will prove of especial interest to the American tourist—it is the original grant of Pennsylvania, made by Charles II., to William Penn, (styled in the document Sir William Penn,) on account of "his conversion of the savages," and his father's public services.

There are also copies of the coronation oaths, with the autographs, of several Kings and Queens of England, presenting curious specimens of chirography.

Red Lion-street, so called from the famous "Red Lion Inne," built 1697, is in this part of Holborn. On the wall of the house at the south-west corner of this street is a block of wood inserted with the date 1611. In Red Lion-square lived Mr. Osborn, and Rich, the American bookseller, and author of some bibliographical works. Holborn is remarkable for its *Black-Letter* booksellers, those who deal in old books. They form a distinct class, and present some curious idiosyncracies of character. Dacie was one of them; he lived near Little Turnstile, and indulged the odd fancy of decorating his dingy shop with feminines for clerks. Some, we remember, were attractive for their personal appearance, and presented quite a relief to the huge mass of dusty old tomes which crowded his book-shelves. It is said he paid the

highest price for beauty, and that his ratio was in proportion to the personal charms of his fair assistants. In Great Queen-street lived "Old Nunn," as he was familiarly called by the trade. He had an immense collection of old books; and he was himself of prodigious proportions, being somewhat after the Daniel Lambert style. Yet as though he had not enough of himself to carry, he was accustomed to cram his capacious pockets, when he went to purchase books in Paternoster-row, to the extent of some ten or a dozen octavos.

While speaking of Great Queen-street, among its eminent inhabitants we might mention the names of the eccentric Herbert of Cherbury; Sir Thomas Fairfax, the Parliamentary general; and Hoole, the translator of Tasso.

According to Walpole, Sir Godfrey Kneller and Dr. Radcliff lived in this street, in adjoining houses; but Mr. Cunningham insists that Radcliff lived in Bow-street and Kneller in the Piazza, Covent Garden, and that their grounds joined each other. "Kneller," says Walpole, "was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Radcliff's servants gathering and

destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut up the door. Radcliff replied, peevishly,—'Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it.' 'And I,' answered Sir Godfrey, 'can take anything from him but physic.'"

Taylor, the water poet, kept a tavern in Phœnix-alley, Long Acre: he died here in 1653, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

We deviate a little from our route to touch at Leicester-square. Two of England's greatest artists lived and died in Leicester-square—Sir Joshua Reynolds and William Hogarth. The former resided in the fourth house from Sydney's-alley; and the latter in one of those now called the Sablonière Hotel. Goldsmith and Johnson were frequent visitors at the domicile of Sir Joshua; Burke, Sir Isaac Newton, and John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, lived here, the last named, next door to Hogarth. Leicester-square is the especial resort of all foreign refugees and continental exiles. Wyld's colossal Globe is now the great object of attraction in this locality.

When the Polish patriot, Kosciusko, visited England, he lived in the house in which Hogarth had closed his existence. The house adjoining had the distinguished surgeon, John Hunter, for its inmate, and here he formed his anatomical museum.

The glory of the neighborhood of Leicester-square is in St. Martin's-street, where the house is still remaining which was occupied by the great Newton. The turret or closet, covered with slate at the top, was the observatory of this celebrated man. The house was subsequently inhabited by Dr. Burney, author of the "History of Music;" and here his daughter Fanny wrote her novel of "Evelina."

Dryden lived in Gerard-street for many years, dying at his house, in 1701. Edmund Burke was also a resident here.

In the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho, sleep the remains of the elegant essayist Hazlitt. Here also is the monument of Theodore, King of Corsica, who died insolvent in the King's Bench Prison, in consequence of which he registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors.

> "The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
> Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
> But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead;
> Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
> Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread."

In Prince's-street, Soho, Colton wrote his "Lacon." His lodging was a meagrely furnished upper story; and he wrote this remarkable book with a stumpy pen upon the covers of old letters

and scraps of dirty paper, after the fashion of another writer of celebrity—Haydn, the author of "The Dictionary of Dates."

We must now return to St. Giles's, a parish whose name is proverbially synonymous with wretchedness and crime. It is not, however, on this account that we invite the attention of the reader to this section of the metropolis, for happily the street surveyors have recently sought to rid this district of its odium. St. Giles's Church is an object of interest to the antiquary on account of the old tombs which surround it. The following eminent persons are buried there:—Chapman, the translator of "Homer;" the eccentric Lord Herbert, of Cherbury; Shirley, the dramatist; Andrew Marvell, the poet; and Sir Roger L'Estrange, the wit. Over the iron gateway is a bas-relief representing the Day of Judgment; a curious relic of the former church, 1687. The next important object that claims our notice is the British Museum, situated in Great Russell-street. This prodigious structure was originated in 1763, in consequence of Sir Hans Sloane having bequeathed his valuable collection, which cost him £50,000, to the country. Other collections were united to it, as the Cottonian Library, the Harleian and the Arundel MSS., Sir W. Hamilton's Etruscan Vases, the

Townley Marbles, the Elgin Marbles, the Lansdowne MSS., Edwards's Library, Burney's Classical Library, the Grenville Library, with other collections. Many large gifts and purchases besides have increased it, as the MSS. belonging to the Kings of England, and their printed books from Richard II. to George II.; a collection of pamphlets presented by George III., published between 1640 and 1660, and various other donations. To

these have been added, by the country, a fine library, collected by George III. at an expense of £130,000, consisting of 63,000 volumes, which are in an apartment devoted to the purpose of their preservation. This library had been sold to Russia by George IV. The circumstance was discovered by the ministry just in time to prevent the embarkation of the books. The money was paid for them in 1823, and they became the property of

the nation. This magnificent Museum is already become an immense depository of books, antiquities, and natural history. The library consists of about 600,000 volumes, many of which are of great value and rarity. The oldest MS. is a copy of the Gospels in Latin, of the 7th century; the celebrated Bible, said to have been written by Alcuin, for Charlemagne; Lady Jane Grey's Prayer Book; also Queen Elizabeth's, curiously bound in a cover of her own embroidery; the original MS. of Pope's Homer, written on the backs of letters! There are also over three hundred volumes of Syriac MSS., obtained from Egyptian monasteries. Here is also the earliest printed book known—the Mazarine Bible, (temp. 1455.) Not among the least interesting of its valuable relics are the Nimroud Marbles, contributed by the indefatigable Layard. The Man-Lion, and the Bull-Lion, with their expanded wings, are placed at the entrance of the Hall, and present a most imposing spectacle. The buildings have been altered from time to time; the present is the work of Sir Robert Smirke, and the massive portico, of which the engraving gives a view, was finished as late as 1847.

It is needless to speak of the vast collection, in these halls, of books and curiosities,—a catalogue of which makes almost a library.

In Bloomsbury-square died Baxter the divine; Sir Hans Sloane resided at the corner of Southampton-street, leading from the square; and at the north-east corner lived the great Lord Mansfield. His house was destroyed in the riots of 1780. At No. 6 lived D'Israeli; here he composed his "Curiosities of Literature." Steele and Akinside were also residents of Bloomsbury-square.

In Newman-street, Oxford-street, the following artists once resided: Banks, the sculptor, at No. 5; Bacon, the sculptor, at No. 17; Benjamin West, at No. 14, where he died in 1820; and Stothard, at No. 28, who lived there during the last forty-four years of his life, which terminated in 1834.

At Argyll House, Argyll-street, lived the good Lord Lyttleton; and here, at No. 30, Madame de Stael held her celebrated levees. At No. 8 Argyll-place lived Northcote, the painter; here he held his conversations with Hazlitt, and here he died in 1831.

Crossing Regent-street, renowned for its architectural attractions, we enter Conduit-street, in which is a small antique chapel, built of wood, by James II., for private mass. It was erected on wheels, for the purpose of accompanying that prince when he attended his army; the present building is, however, of brick, and permanently fixed. Sir Astley Cooper, the celebrated surgeon,

lived in this street, opposite George-street. No. 50 was formerly the establishment of Colburn, the distinguished publisher; it has since been for many years that of its present occupants, Messrs. Saunders and Otley. Colburn's publishing house is removed to Great Marlborough-street; Bentley's is in New-Burlington-street. In George-street, Hanover-square, lived Lord Chancellor Cowper; Lady Mary Wortley Montague; Pennant, the historian of London; and Copley, the American painter, and father of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst; and on the opposite side Prince Talleyrand.

St. George's Church, Hanover-square, has been the scene of most of the distinguished marriages in high life; it is considered the most fashionable church in London. In the burial-ground on the road to Bayswater, belonging to this parish, Laurence Sterne, the author of "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey," is buried. Sterne died in Old Bond-street. At No. 24 lived Sir Thomas Lawrence; and at No. 141 New Bond-street lived Nelson. At Long's Hotel Lord Byron was accustomed to lodge when in London. Gibbon resided in Bond-street when he composed his "History of Rome," but we have not been able to ascertain the precise house. At No. 11 in Berkeley-square died Horace Walpole.

In Brooke-street, Grosvenor-square, once lived Handel—the house is at No. 57, on the south of Bond-street. Here is Mivart's Hotel, the usual residence of foreign potentates.

In Cavendish-square lived George Romney, the painter, in the house No. 32, subsequently occupied by Sir Martin Archer Shee.

Returning to Great Portland-street, Oxford-street, we pause to note the house No. 40, once occupied by the author of "Seward's Anecdotes;" No. 47, where Boswell breathed his last; and No. 91, where Von Weber, the composer of "Der Freischutz," died. This house was also the residence of Sir George Smart.

The vast area extending northward, which comprises buildings of comparatively recent date, we shall pass over. The Colosseum, however, with its imposing dome, claims a short passing notice. It was built originally for Horner's grand panoramic view of London, taken from the summit of St. Paul's—perhaps one of the most gigantic works of art, and certainly the most triumphant, ever achieved. It occupies no less than forty-six thousand square feet of canvas. This great picture presents London in all its immensity of streets, lanes, and alleys; its colossal buildings, monuments and churches; with its famous river mean-

dering through the picture. In the centre of the rotunda, concealed by tasteful draperies, resembling a tent, is the Elizabethan "ascending room," for the conveyance of visitors, by means of machinery, to the point for viewing the panoramic picture of London. For those by whom it may be preferred there is a spiral staircase for the same purpose. At night a painting, illuminated in a peculiar manner, and with astonishing effect, is exhibited here. This is, in fact, a panoramic view of London by moonlight: in which are beheld the flitting of the clouds, the glittering of the stars, with other atmospheric changes—the lighting of the streets, squares and bridges, &c. The effect is heightened by snatches of street music, the striking and chiming of church clocks, and other sounds of night. The Coliseum includes other buildings devoted to conservatories, containing exotics from all parts of the world. It has also some models and statuary; a series of model pictures of Swiss cottages, classic ruins, &c. &c.

Before referring to the Regent's Park, we might mention, for the information of his admirers, that Charles Dickens has long occupied the house No. 1 Devonshire Terrace.

CHAPTER XII.

The Zoological Gardens—Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park—Madame Tussaud's Exhibition—Gore House—Kensington Gardens and Palace—Holland House—Chelsea Hospital and Church—Battersea—Putney—Fulham, and its Literary Celebrities—Chiswick House—Horticultural Gardens—Kew Church—Sion House—Isleworth Church—Richmond Park and Church—Strawberry Hill—Hampton Court Palace—Bushy Park—Eton College—St. George's Chapel—Windsor Castle—Conclusion.

THE Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park, every visitor to the Metropolis will of course pay a visit. It is a most amusing and delightful resort. The grounds are laid out with exquisite taste, and those who have any fondness for natural history will here find a world of attractive interest. The collection of animals, birds, and reptiles, is numerous. Among the animals are the Polar bear, the rhinoceros, the giraffe, and the elephant. The giraffes and rattle-snakes are very rare and fine, but the attractions of the Gardens for the last year and a half have been the hippopotamus, presented by

the Viceroy of Egypt, and the uran utan from Singapore. The collection of living snakes is the largest ever formed in Europe. The recent attraction is a collection of stuffed humming birds, the property of Mr. Gould, author of the "Birds of Europe," "Birds of Australia," &c.; allowed by ornithologists to be the best in the world. It consists of about two thousand specimens of three hundred species, arranged in upwards of forty glass cases. This beautiful establishment cost something like £200,000.

The Royal Botanic Gardens are situated in the Inner Circle, Regent's Park, and abound with ornamental trees, and are laid out with great taste.

Madame Tussaud's, in Baker-street, Portman-square, has long been renowned for its splendid collection of wax-work figures. It is distributed through several elegantly decorated apartments. The Hall of Kings is especially worthy of note; it contains full-length figures of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Parr, with splendid jewellery and costumes. In addition to the Hall of Kings are two new Napoleon Rooms, containing the golden shrine, the camp-bed on which Napoleon died, the full-length portrait of the Emperor by Le Fevre, and that of the Empress Maria Louisa by Baron Gerard.

We must not omit to mention Gore House; and with this we complete our tour of the Capital. This mansion, which was formerly occupied by the Countess of Blessington, and which witnessed her splendid literary gatherings, is now called "Soyer's Symposium." This superb establishment is fitted up in magnificent style, and is adorned with fountains, statues, and grottos. It was originated for the purpose of furnishing, on a grand scale, a suite of cosmopolitan dining-rooms, where visitors to the Crystal Palace from all quarters of the globe might severally indulge their tastes.

Although we have thus rapidly passed over the area of the City, and the countless stately streets of the "West End," we are yet reluctant to conclude our journey, since the margin of the Thames in this vicinity, garnished with pleasant memories, presents such strong attractions to tempt us onward. And first of Kensington Palace—within its walls expired William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George II. Here resided Queen Caroline, and also the late Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

Her present Majesty was born in it, (1819,) and here (1837) she held her first Council. The Duke of Sussex, son of George III., lived, died, and had his fine library in this Palace. The Orangery, a fine detached edifice, was built by Wren. The

royal collection of pictures (long famous in catalogues, and still known as the Kensington Collection to the readers of Walpole,) has, for the most part, been removed to other palaces.

Kensington House, near the palace gates, has been successively occupied by Elphinstone, the translator of Martial; and Mrs. Inchbald, the author of "The Simple Story." She died here, and is buried in the adjoining church of St. Mary's. In the same churchyard are monuments to the memory of James Mill, the historian; and Jortin, the author of "The Life of Erasmus."

Sir Isaac Newton died in Pitt's Buildings, Kensington, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. In No. 24 Lower Phillimore Place, near the second milestone from Hyde Park Corner, Wilkie painted his "Chelsea Pensioners," his "Reading of the Will," his "Distraining for Rent," and his "Blind Man's Buff." His last residence was in Vicarage-place, at the head of Church-lane; and here he took leave of his friends before his visit to the Holy Land, whence he never returned.

Kensington Gardens are so world renowned for their broad umbrageous avenues, serving as fashionable promenades, that it is scarcely necessary to name them, for the poets have celebrated them in song.

Holland House, an ancient and noble mansion, erected in the reign of James I., merits a passing notice.

The Royal Hospital at Chelsea provides an asylum for disabled and superannuated soldiers This spacious building, erected by Wren, cost £150,000. It accommodates between five and six thousand in and out pensioners, at a cost of about one million sterling.

In the Chapel are preserved the eagles of Napoleon, captured at Barossa, Talavera, and Waterloo. In the Dining Hall remain the fragments of the standards won at Blenheim from Louis XIV., besides flags of all nations down to the Chinese, with the Dragon banners.

In Chelsea resided Lord Shaftsbury, author of "The Characteristics;" Sir Robert Walpole; Sir Richard Steele; Dr. Mead; Addison; Locke; Dr. Smollett; and Arbuthnot. In Beaufort House, Chelsea, at the north end of Beaufort-row, resided Sir Thomas More. It was at this house he was visited by Erasmus.

Chelsea Church is worthy of a visit, on account of the monument of Sir Thomas More, with an inscription from his own pen. There is also the monument of Sir Hans Sloane. Among other eminent persons buried at Chelsea were Shadwell,

the poet laureate; Cipriani, the painter; Boyer, author of the French Dictionary; Woodfall, the printer; and Millar, the bookseller, who preceded Cadell and Co. in the Strand.

The opposite town of Battersea is memorable as having been the place of the birth and death of Bolingbroke. The monument in Battersea Church erected to his memory is the work of Roubilliac.

Putney was the birth-place of Cromwell, Earl of Essex. This was battle-ground in the time of the Commonwealth. Here Cromwell established his head-quarters. Gibbon, the historian, was born here; and at the Bowling-green House, on the Heath, Pitt breathed his last, on the 23rd January, 1809. Passing the pleasant foot-paths of this sequestered spot, we reach Fulham. Fulham Palace is adorned with portraits of Bishops Laud, King, Juxon, Sheldon, Compton, Sherlock, and Lowth. At Parson's Green lived Richardson, the novelist; here he wrote "Clarissa Harlowe," and other works. Here also resided Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the library at Oxford, bearing his name; and also, for a time, the great Lord Bacon. This vicinity has long been the chosen retreat of men of letters; here, snugly ensconced, lived the admirable humorist Theodore Hook; and in earlier times, Tonson and Linton,

the publishers. At Hammersmith Thomson resided for a time; and here, at the Dove Coffee House, he composed part of his "Seasons." Near the Suspension Bridge, a little above Hammersmith, is Chiswick. This ground is memorable as the scene of an action between Prince Rupert and the Earl of Essex; but the attractions of Chiswick are the superb mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, and the Gardens of the Horticultural Society. At Chiswick House, the great statesmen Fox and Canning breathed their last. The far-famed grounds of Chiswick House, as well as the palatial edifice itself, are very magnificent. Both are richly decorated with gems of art, which have claimed the admiration of the connoisseur. The Horticultural Gardens contain thirty-four acres, and are laid out in the most imposing style. In the churchyard is a monument to the great painter Hogarth. The inscription upon the tomb is from the pen of Garrick:—

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind;
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here!"

Chiswick House.

Holland House possesses a choice and extensive library. The surrounding park includes about three hundred acres, of which sixty-three are laid out as pleasure-grounds. Over a rural seat the following couplet was inscribed by the late Lord Holland :—

> "Here Rogers sat; and here forever dwell
> With me those 'Pleasures' that he sang so well."

Many historical incidents are connected with Holland House during the reign of Charles I. It will be remembered that Addison became possessed of Holland House by marriage, and it was here he wrote and died.

Here in the well remembered lines,—

> "He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
> A price for knowledge, taught us how to die!"

In Kew Churchyard is buried Gainsborough, the artist. By his express desire, his name only was cut on the gravestone. Shortly before he expired, he exclaimed, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." At Brentford Church, Tooke, author of the "Diversions of Purley," officiated for a time. Sion House, one of the seats of the Duke of Northumberland, presents a noble aspect from the river. It is richly endowed with a library and antique statues, and paintings

by Lely, Vandyke, and others. Sion House is rife with historic associations, and is of remote origin. Katherine Howard was once imprisoned here, and it was here, also, the corpse of Henry VIII., whose funeral procession is said to have exceeded in magnificence any ever seen in England before or since, rested a night on its way to Windsor. It was then a nunnery. Isleworth, with its moss-grown church tower, is also an attractive object from the Thames. Here Lord Baltimore, the original grantee of Maryland, resided. Richmond, on the Thames, is a classic spot. Henry VII. held a grand tournament at his manor of Richmond in 1492, and here also he died in 1509. The Emperor Charles V., of Germany, lodged for a season at Richmond, in 1523. Queen Elizabeth was a prisoner at Richmond Palace during the reign of her sister Mary, and after she ascended the throne it became her favorite residence; she also ended her days here, 1603.

Richmond Church contains a monument to Dr. Moore, author of "Zeluco;" he was father of the brave Sir John Moore; here, also, is the tomb of Thomson, the poet of the "Seasons." The beautiful lines of Collins to his memory will occur to the reader:—

> "In yonder grave a Druid lies,
> Where slowly steals the winding wave;

Mollins House.

The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave."

The grave of Thomson is at the west end of the north aisle of the church. Collins resided at Richmond, and composed some of his poems there.

The beautiful tablet to the memory of Kean, the great tragedian, is near that of Thomson.

Richmond Park is eight miles in circumference, and abounds with magnificent trees. All that remains of the old Palace of Sheen is the west side of the green, with an arched gateway. Richmond was formerly called "Sheen," a Saxon word for resplendent, and well it deserves the name, for the view from Richmond Hill is one of surpassing beauty. Pope's tomb will, of course, be sought out at Twickenham Church. About a mile from Twickenham is Strawberry Hill, the renowned residence of Horace Walpole. This extraordinary letter-writer has told his own life story so minutely that we need not rehearse it here. He had a private printing-press of his own, the literary prints of which are still cherished with avidity by the bibliomaniacs.

Hampton Court Palace abounds with interesting associations, and it is enriched with some of the costliest works of art.

In that magnificent structure are the Cartoons of

Raphael and the beauties of Charles II.'s dissolute Court The palace is comparatively a modern work. It was here that the swelling pride of the haughty Wolsey was displayed. In the most palmy days of his influence—before the passions of his master had developed the fierceness of his will, and the growing tyrant "was young and lusty, disposed all to mirth and pleasure, and to follow his desire and appetite"—he made a bargain with the Prior of St. John for the manor of Hampton Court. This was in the year 1515. The Lord Archbishop of York very soon changed the character of the place. The poor manor-house was swept away; the rank meadows which skirted the Thames were transformed into curious knotted gardens; a great palace arose, as if by magic, at the bidding of the profuse and tasteful Cardinal; and here, within two years of his purchase of the place, did he surround himself with the pomp of kings, and maintain a state which even the most absolute king had rarely practised.

Hampton Court stands on the north bank of the Thames, about twelve miles from London, and is less imposing, compared with some of the other royal abodes. About the middle of the thirteenth century, the manor of Hampton was vested in the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem;

Hampton Court Palace.

and in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey became its lessee.

The palace, as erected by Wolsey, consisted of five courts, of which only two now remain, and afford an interesting specimen of the ancient style of ecclesiastical building. The third was erected by William III., and constitutes the present state apartments. Passing under the battlemented gateway, with turrets on each side, we enter the middle court; on the right we have the entire length of Cardinal Wolsey's Hall, and on the left there is a colonnade of the Ionic order, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, which, however, does not harmonise with the ancient buildings around. The third court is a quadrangle, with a fountain in the centre, and consists chiefly of buildings erected by Wren.

On entering the Grand Chamber the attention is at once arrested by the various devices in which muskets, swords, and pistols, sufficient for the equipment of one thousand men, are disposed on the walls. The paintings are in character with the rooms; they consist of six portraits of English admirals, by Kneller, and several battle-pieces, in some of which great vigor is displayed. But the most conspicuous is one of gigantic dimensions, Queen Elizabeth's porter, who is said to have been seven feet six inches high!

The Queen's Gallery, eighty feet in length, contains an extensive collection of curious portraits. The Elizabethan group, representing Her Majesty at different periods of her life, first engages the attention. It consists of portraits of Elizabeth when an infant; at twelve years of age; in the meridian of life; and in her latter days. There is also a full-length of the Queen, attired in a fantastic Persian dress, and represented as in a forest. This room contains several Scripture pieces; but by far the greater number of the collection are portraits of eminent persons. Mary, Queen of Scots; Lord Darnley; James the First and Second; Queen Mary; Anne, of Denmark; Francis I., of France; Erasmus; and the "admirable Crichton," are among the most conspicuous. Passing through several small rooms we enter the Cartoon Gallery, in which are displayed those treasured triumphs of the genius of Raffaelle, the "prince of painters." The drawings were originally intended as patterns for tapestry to decorate the walls of the Papal chapel, and were executed by order of Leo X. During the production of the tapestry at Arras, the Cartoons were exposed to no small danger from the recklessness of the artisans, who for their own convenience cut them up into small slips. It is somewhat singular that they remained in this state for an entire century, although the tapes-

tries which were woven from them were held in high admiration, and it was left for Rubens to rescue them from oblivion. Having directed the attention of Charles I. to their ruinous condition, his Majesty purchased the seven now in Hampton Court, intending to have tapestries woven from them. They were, however, neglected and comparatively unknown, until William III. directed the slips to be joined together, and erected the present spacious gallery for these unequalled works of art. They consist entirely of scenes in Scripture history.

Among other historical events connected with this edifice, we might mention the following:—Edward VI. was born here. In 1543, the nuptial ceremonies of Henry VIII. and his last wife, Lady Catherine Parr, were celebrated at this Palace. The Protector Somerset, Queen Mary and Philip, Queen Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, James II., William and Mary, William III., and George II. and his Queen, at different times have resided at Hampton Court.

The superb arcades and gardens of Hampton Court somewhat resemble those of St. Cloud. Their broad avenues, crystal fountains, rich parterres, and majestic trees, combine together with the richest effect. We have not yet forgot the luscious grapes, the largest in Europe, which hang

in such thick clusters from the celebrated Hamburgh vine, and which are reserved for the delicate palate of royalty. Garrick's Villa stands on the margin of the Thames, in close proximity. There are other spots of interest worthy of enumeration, but we shall simply name them:—Claremont, which owed its origin to the eccentric Sir John Vanbrugh; Esher, noted for its Wolsey's Tower; Walton, a spot interesting alike to the antiquary and the lover of the picturesque; and Chertsey, the birth-place of Cowley, the poet. Beautiful also is Bushy Park, with its magnificent chesnut avenue, a mile long, one of the noblest sights to be seen around London.

Of the numerous objects of interest with which the banks of the Thames are so thickly studded, none are of such surpassing grandeur and regal magnificence as Windsor Castle, with its adjacent chapel of St. George, and Eton College. This massive and stately pile is richly stored with poetic associations, and venerable for its antiquity, it having proudly defied the ravages of Time for some eight centuries. Here kings were born; here they kept royal state amid the blaze of fashion and luxurious indulgence; and here, in the adjoining mausoleum, they were buried. Here deeds of chivalry and high renown, that shine on us from

Windsor Castle.

ancient days, were enacted; and it is here the most exemplary of England's monarchs still prefers to hold her suburban residence. This brave old fortress, unlike the Tower of London, with its dark records of crime, is rife with pleasant memories. Not only is the edifice itself, with its gigantic towers, its broad bastions, and its kingly halls, sacred with incident and story, but Shakespeare has also rendered classical the very ground on which it stands.

Windsor Forest, with its magnificent old oaks, and its richly variegated scenery, of "upland, lawn, and stream," has afforded a fruitful theme for the pens of Gray and the author of "The Seasons;" and Pope, it will be remembered, has felicitously pictured forth its changeful beauties. As far back as the days of the Saxons we have records of a palatial residence at Old Windsor, or as its name then was, *Windleshora*, so called from the windings of the Thames in its vicinity. William the Norman built some portions of the Castle, which, until the time of Richard I., seems ever to have been the peaceful abode of royalty. During the civil wars, of which Windsor was a principal scene, the Castle became the most important military establishment in the kingdom. The sanguinary struggles connected with the signing of Magna

Charta are familiar to the reader. The birth of Edward III., which took place at Windsor, forms another epoch in its history—that prince having reconstructed the greater part of the castle, and very largely extended it. William of Wykeham was the architect, with the liberal salary of a shilling a day. It is said he had six hundred workmen employed on the building, at the rate of one penny. It was here Richard II. heard the appeal of high treason, brought by the Duke of Lancaster against Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, which resulted in the former becoming Henry IV. It was here the Earl of Surrey, imprisoned for the high crime of eating flesh in Lent, beguiled his solitude with his muse; and here was the last prison of that unfortunate monarch, Charles I. In Windsor Castle also resided the haughty Elizabeth; and along its terrace might have been seen, in the days of the Commonwealth, the stern figure of the lion-hearted Cromwell. It was the residence of Henry VII., and the prison of James I. of Scotland. It is indebted for most of its modern splendor to the luxurious taste and prodigal expenditure of George IV., who obtained from the House of Commons the sum of £300,000 for the purpose. The suites of royal apartments at present in use by the Queen are superb in the extreme, especially the state draw-

View from Windsor Park.

ing rooms, in which are nine pictures by Zuccarelli; and St. George's Hall—a vast apartment, in which the state banquets are given.

The long walk, extending about three miles in a direct line to the Palace, presents the finest vista of its kind in the world. It extends from the grand entrance of the Castle, to the top of a commanding hill in the Great Park, which affords a panoramic view of enchanting beauty, including many places memorable in history. On the right is the Thames, seen beyond Charter Island, and the plain of Runnymede, where the Barons extorted Magna Charta, whilst in the hazy distance are the rising eminences of Harrow and Hampstead. On the summit of this hill stands the equestrian statue of George III. Near the avenue called Queen Elizabeth's Walk, tradition still points out a withered tree as the identical oak of "Herne the Hunter," who, as the tale goes,

> "Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
> Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
> Walk round the oak, with great ragged horns."

St. George's Chapel presents a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture of different periods. The interior is very magnificent. Its groined roof and splendid stained glass windows, with the pendant banners of the Knights of the Garter, combine

together to present an effect of marvellous beauty. Beneath the chapel is the burial-place of several monarchs—of Edward IV., Henry VIII., Jane Seymour., Charles I., the Princess Charlotte of Wales, George III. and his Queen, George IV., William IV. and his Queen, and others.

The classic groves of Eton here burst upon the view. The Royal College of Eton consists of two quadrangular buildings of the Tudor style of art. It was founded by Henry VI. in 1440. The Chapel is a Gothic structure, somewhat resembling that of King's College, Cambridge. Its Library is one of the best and most extensive in England. Many literary celebrities have emanated from Eton College. Slough, about a mile from Eton, was the residence of Herschel, the astronomer; and in addition to Virginia Water, the largest artificial lake in the United Kingdom, we may mention Stoke Pogis, the classic ground of the poet Gray.

Here we reach the terminus of our pleasant perambulatory tour, and conclude our colloquial comments on the notabilia of London and its suburbs, not, however, without the consciousness that these brief notes by the way might have been advantageously extended, for while there are ponderous tomes of learned lore touching the subject, which we leave to the patient scrutiny of the antiquary,

there is yet much of eminent interest that has been garnered by more modern writers, to which we have scarcely alluded. Those who desire fuller details, therefore, we refer to the admirable volumes of Cunningham, Knight, and Mackay, to whose collections, indeed, we have been indebted in no small measure for whatever of interest may attach to the foregoing chapters. Here, then, we bid adieu to the noble city—alike fragrant with memories of the past, and affluent in all that constitutes its present greatness and splendor.

"August and glorious City! Thy renown
Fills with heroic deeds of high emprise
The lengthened records of the stream of Time.
Great Citadel of Power! Thy potent sway
Spreads the wide world; thy wit and wealth,
Vast, opulent, shed their refulgent light
O'er all the earth; and beautify with peace
And gentle charities all human kind.
No more may war disturb thy halcyon reign,
But happy homes of industry repay
Thy well requited toils, and benisons
From Heaven augment thy treasury anew
With spoils of genius to enrich mankind!"

APPENDIX.

On arriving at the British Capital the first question that suggests itself to the traveller is where to sleep and to dine. To meet this inquiry the following list of Hotels is subjoined. Those who wish to mingle with the wealthier classes, and to whom expense is no object, will find the best accommodations at the Clarendon, in New Bond-street; Mivart's, in Brook-street; and Grillon's, St. George, in Albemarle-street; Fenton's, Christie's, and Ellis's, in St. James's-street; and the numerous hotels in Jermyn-street; Long's and the Blenheim, in Bond-street; the Burlington and Queen's, in Cork-street, may safely be recommended as good Family Hotels. Here the first company always resort, and the terms are accordingly high. The Gloucester and Hatchett's, in Piccadilly, and Limmer's, in Conduit-street, are the resort chiefly of sporting gentlemen. The less expensive hotels we may mention as central houses, Richardson's, the Tavistock, the New and Old Hummums, Bedford, and Piazza, in Covent Garden. Those who wish to be midway between the City and the West End would do well to put up at the Union, in Cockspur-street, or Morley's, at Charing Cross. The London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, and the Albion Tavern, in Aldersgate-street, both very famous for large public or private dinners. The Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge; Gerard's Hall Inn, Bread-street; the Bull and Mouth, and the Castle and Falcon, St. Martin-le-Grand, may be recommended; besides which, in St. Paul's Churchyard and its district, are many good and respectable hotels.

There are a profusion of dining-rooms or chop-houses—numbering about six hundred, and nearly one thousand coffee-houses, in the various sections of the City, besides numerous divans and reading-rooms. Private boarding-houses are also easily to be found in the central and western parts of London, at prices ranging from one to four or five guineas a week, and some at half a guinea for a single person.

Many of the dining-houses of the City are famous for some particular dish: thus, the Ship and Turtle, in Leadenhall-street, for its turtle; "Joe's," in Finch-lane, Cornhill, for steaks, served on metal plates; the "Cock," the "Rainbow," "Dick's," and "Dr. Johnson's Tavern," Fleet-street, for steaks, and chops, and "snipe kidneys," etc.

"The stranger who wishes to see City feasting in all its glory," says Cunningham, "should procure an invitation to one of the banquets of some of the City Companies in their own halls. The Goldsmiths' dinners, given in their magnificent hall, behind the General Post Office, exhibit a grand display of gold plate. Some of the Companies, again, the Fishmongers, Merchant Tailors, &c., are famous for their cookery, and the antique character of their bills of fare—still maintaining the baron of beef, the boar's head, the swan, the crane, the ruff, and many other delicacies of the days of Queen Elizabeth. After these dinners 'the loving cup' goes round. In the Carpenters' Company, the new masters and wardens are crowned with silver caps at their feast; at the Clothworkers, a grand procession enters after dinner. Similar customs prevail at other of the great Companies' banquets, and all the dinners are first-rate."

The Dock Tavern, at Blackwall, is where the celebrated white-bait dinners are given; there are others also at Greenwich, where epicures in this

famous dish assemble to regale their palate.

The principal theatres and places of amusement are as follows:—

The Italian Opera, Haymarket—the largest with one exception, we believe, in the world; Covent Garden Theatre, now devoted to the Italian Opera; Drury-lane Theatre, (English Opera); the Haymarket Theatre, (British Drama, vaudeville, &c.); the Lyceum, or English Opera, in the Strand, near the Adelphi; the Princess's, Oxford-street; St. James's Theatre, (French Plays); the Adelphi, near Southampton-street, Strand, (Melo-drama and Farce); Sadler's Wells, Islington; Astley's Amphitheatre, (Horsemanship, &c.); the Diorama, Regent's Park; the Cyclorama, Albany-street, Regent's Park; the Colosseum, Regent's Park; the Oriental Diorama, King-street, St. James's; the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, (the Overland Route to India); the Linwood Gallery, Leicester-square; Wyld's Great Globe, Leicester-square; Burford's Panorama, in the same place; the Panorama, Regent-street, (moving pictures of Constantinople); the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street, (curious machinery); the Polyorama, adjoining; the Chinese collection, Albert Gate, Hyde Park; Catlin's Indian Gallery, Waterloo Place; Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, Baker-street, Portman-square; Cremorne Gardens, Chelsea; Vauxhall Gardens, near Vauxhall-bridge; Surrey Zoological Gardens; and the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

The Bazaars are as annexed:—

Burlington Arcade and Bazaar, Piccadilly, adjoining Burlington House; Lowther Arcade, extending from West Strand to St. Martin's Church; Soho Bazaar, Soho-square, in the north-west corner; Exeter Change Arcade, Brydges-street, Strand; Royal Bazaar, New Oxford-street; Pantechnicon, Belgrave-square; Pantheon Bazaar, Oxford-street, once the largest of the London theatres. In addition to the foregoing there are the several Picture Galleries; the National Gallery, Trafalgar-square; Vernon Gallery, Marlborough House; Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Charing Cross. The two societies of Painters in Water Colors, Pall Mall-east; the National Institution of the Fine Arts, Regent-street, opposite the Polytechnic; the Exhibition of the Pictures of all the schools of Europe, Lichfield House, St. James's-square; Paintings at the Royal Academy; besides the private collections of the Queen and many of the nobility, which may be viewed on application. The famous collection of pictures by the old masters, in Dulwich Gallery; Raphael's Cartoons, at Hampton Court; and the Vandyck Pictures, at Windsor, as well as the splendid galleries of the Dukes of Devonshire, Sutherland, and Northumberland, and Earls Grosvenor and Spencer, which should not be overlooked.

The lover of art, also, will not fail to inspect the various statues and monuments that grace the numerous squares of the City; or the lover of literature and science neglect to pay a visit to the London University, in Gower-street, Westminster School, Draw's Yard, Westminster, or the various learned societies — a list of which we annex:—

The Royal Institution of Great Britain, Albemarle-street; the Society of Antiquaries, Somerset House; the Royal Society of Literature, St. Martin's Place; the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street; the Entomological Museum, Old Bond-street; the Geographical Society, Waverly Place; the United Service Institution, Scotland Yard; the Society of Arts, Adelphi; the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields; Museum of the Asiatic Society, New Burlington-street; the Zoological Museum, Hanover-square; the Architectural Exhibition, Pall Mall; the Institute of British Architects, Lower Grosvenor-street; Institute of Civil Engineers, Great George-street, Westminster; the British Archæological Association, Sackville-street; the Archæological Institute, Haymarket; Linnæan Society, Soho-square; the Microscopical Society, Regent's Park; the British Museum, Great Russell-street.

The principal Medical establishments consist of the following:—

The Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, (containing Hunter's Museum); Royal Medico-

Chirurgical Society; the Medical Society of London; the Middlesex Hospital, Charles-street, Oxford-street; Charing Cross Hospital, West Strand; London Hospital, Whitechapel-road; University College Hospital, Gower-street; that attached to King's College, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; Westminster Hospital, Broadway; St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner; St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; London Fever Hospital, Liverpool-road, Islington; St. Luke's Hospital, Old-street, City-road; Consumption Hospital, Brompton; the Foundling Hospital, Guildford-street, Brunswick-square; the Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road; Caledonia Asylum, Copenhagen Fields; the Jews' Hospital, Mile-end; and French Protestant Hospital, Old-street. It is estimated that the charitable institutions and hospitals of London extend to just five hundred, and that their annual disbursements amount to £1,764,733 sterling per annum.

Of these institutions five are Royal Hospitals. One for the education of youth (Christ's Hospital), three for the cure of disease (St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and Bethlehem); and one, Bridewell, for the punishment of the idle and the dissolute. Bedlam and Bridewell are under the same direction.

The Churches and Chapels of the British Metropolis exceed five hundred in number.

With the following list of the several Railroad Stations we conclude our details:

Brighton, Dover, Croydon, Greenwich, and North Kent Railway, from London-bridge (Southwark side), or Newcross Stations — for Croydon, Tunbridge, Maidstone, Folkestone, Dover, Brighton, Shoreham, Woolwich, Gravesend, and Rochester; and the Steamers to Havre, etc.

London and South Western Railway, from Waterloo Bridge-road — for Surrey, Sussex, Hampton Court, Winchester, Southampton, Dorchester, Gosport, Portsmouth; and Steamers to Isle of Wight, Jersey, Guernsey, and Havre, St. Malo, Granville, Exmouth, Plymouth, Falmouth, Waterford, Cork, Dublin, Spain, Portugal, Mediterranean, East Indies, West Indies, and Mexico.

Great Western Railway from Paddington — for Berks, Oxfordshire, Wilts, Somerset, Devon, and Gloucestershire, Windsor, Reading, Oxford, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Bath, Bristol, Bridgewater, Taunton, Exeter, and Plymouth; and the Steamers to Swansea, and South Wales, Cork, Waterford, Dublin, and New-York.

London and North Western Railway, from Euston-square—for Aylesbury, Dunstable, Bedford, Northampton, Peterborough, Stamford, Rugby, Coventry, Leamington, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Lichfield, Stafford, Crewe, Chester, Birkenhead, Conway, Bangor, Holyhead, and Dublin; also to Warrington, Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Lancaster, Kendal, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Montrose; likewise to Leicester, Nottingham, Lincoln, Derby, Sheffield, Leeds, York, Hull, Darlington, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

Eastern Counties Railway, from Shoreditch — for Chelmsford, Colchester, Ipswich, and Bury St. Edmunds; also for Ware, Hertford, Bishop-Stortford, Newmarket, Cambridge, St. Ives, Huntingdon, Ely, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Dereham, Lynn; also to Peterborough and Stamford.

Blackwall Railway, from Fenchurch-street and Minories — for Blackwall, Gravesend, Margate, and the Scotch and French Steamers.

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